

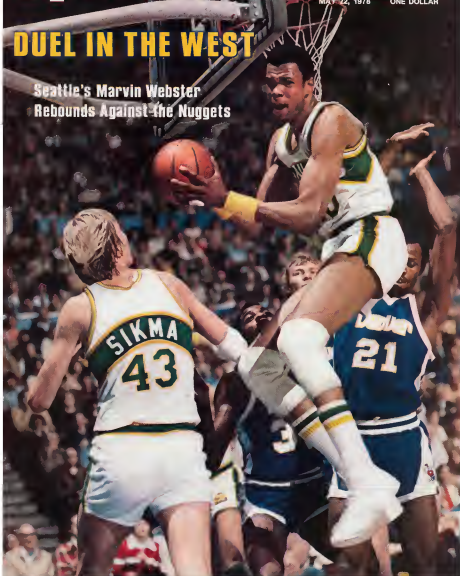
Sports Illustrated

MAY 22, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

DUEL IN THE WEST

Seattle's Marvin Webster
Rebounds Against the Nuggets



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INSTA

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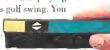
MOV



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For example, spark plugs used to have to be changed every 12,000 miles. Now it's every 22,500 or 30,000, depending on which new GM car you bought. For most drivers that means changing plugs every two years instead of every year.

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Or take distributor points and condensers. They never need replacing with GM's new high energy ignition system. It doesn't have any points or condensers.

If you do have trouble with your car, just fix what needs fixing. When you take your car in for service, tell the mechanic exactly what's happening. If it's hard to start "hot," but starts okay when it's "cold," say so. If it doesn't perform the way you expected, describe just how and where it doesn't live up to your expectations. Then it'll be easier for the mechanic to pinpoint what's wrong, and he won't have to make unnecessary repairs. That can save you time and money.

Some things have to be watched more carefully, depending on how and where you drive your car. For example, if you do a lot of driving on dry, dusty roads, you may need to change the air cleaner and oil filter more often than the maintenance schedule indicates. Remember, the maintenance schedule that comes with your car is based on average driving conditions.

If you have an older car that still needs an annual tune-up, what should it include? There are some basic things to be checked: spark plugs, points, condensers, idling speed, and drive belts.

It can't hurt to check the air cleaner and fuel filter; tire pressure, and brake fluid, either. And when you do take your car in for a tune-up, don't be shy. Find out exactly what you need and what you're getting for your money.

We're trying to make GM cars easier and more economical to service. We've been able to stretch out the maintenance intervals for new GM cars, which should reduce the cost of routine maintenance; and we're working on engineering improvements that should reduce the amount of required maintenance even further. We want to be sure our cars perform well for their entire lifetime, without costing you a lot of time and money in maintenance. That's better for you and better for us.

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Money
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE PREEMINENT JOSH GIBSON RATES A BIOGRAPHY, BUT THIS ONE BATS .230

More and more frequently, Josh Gibson is getting at least part of his due. Three decades after his shockingly early death, recognition is being granted to the man widely regarded as the greatest hitter of the Negro leagues. In 1972 Gibson was voted into the Hall of Fame by the special committee on black baseball; now he is the subject of a biography.

Written by William Brashler, *Josh Gibson, A Life in the Negro Leagues* (Harper & Row, \$9.95) is a sympathetic and well-intentioned but ultimately unsatisfactory piece of work. Brashler's interest in pre-Jackie Robinson black baseball is commendable; he is also the author of a novel about it, *The Bruin Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, but his study of Gibson is inept. It opens on a peculiar note, a preface in which Brashler gratuitously dwells on his own baseball memories (they have little to do with Gibson), and

ends with several unrelated chapters about other black ballplayers. In between, we get a fair amount about Gibson, but not enough.

That is too bad, for his story is at once fascinating and sad. By all accounts Gibson was a prodigious hitter, but he was born too soon (in 1911) and was well past his prime when organized baseball finally desegregated. However great his accomplishments, they are mostly lost in the statistical void of the Negro winter leagues in which he played from 1930 to 1946. Because few reliable records were kept, for evidence of his prowess we must necessarily rely on the words of those who saw him.

And what persuasive words they are. Gibson is described as a hitter who hit some 800 home runs in 17 years, a catcher of strength and rounded skills, a man almost universally respected by his fellow players. Walter Johnson, who saw Gibson play after his own career was over, summed him up: "There is a catcher that any big league club would like to buy for \$200,000. His name is Gibson—he can do everything. He hits the ball a mile, and he catches so easy he might as well be in a rocking chair. Bill Dickey isn't as good a catcher. Too bad this Gibson is a colored fellow."

But he was, and so while Babe Ruth, the hitter with whom he is most often compared, drew a salary of \$80,000 and the adulation of the nation, Gibson in his best years got only \$1,500 a month and very little acclaim. The two teams for which he played, the Homestead Grays and the Pittsburgh Crawfords, may be minor legends now, but only black fans and a few knowledgeable whites followed them in the days when Gibson was hitting home-runners.

In the last years of his life, Gibson went into a steep decline. He drank too much, he may have fooled around with drugs and he pushed his body further than it could go. He was only 35 when he died, of chronic hypertension and other ailments, in January 1947—the year Jackie Robinson joined the Dodgers.

It is tempting to portray Gibson as a martyr, and to his credit, Brashler declines to do so. But though he gives us Gibson without icons, his portrait is nonetheless curiously flat and Gibson the man rarely comes through. Until a better book than this one comes along, the best writing about Gibson is still to be found in Robert W. Peterson's pioneering study of black baseball, *Only the Ball Was White*. END

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THOSE AUTHORS OF FLY-FISHING BOOKS SHOULD WADE INTO TROUBLED WATERS

A great deal has been written about fly-fishing, perhaps more than about any other sport, and these literate anglers certainly show no signs of slowing down. In a recent month, for example, I found notices in my mailbox of at least half a dozen new volumes, ranging from a \$30 limited-edition job brought out by a small Oregon publisher to works produced by such large Eastern houses as Lipincott and Macmillan.

The latest spate of publications follows the usual trend. Most are "how-to" manuals, the rest nostalgic looks at fishing in the good old days. Apparently none of these books—and in fact only one of the dozens I've seen in recent years—deals in any significant way with the conservation or rehabilitation of our lakes and streams and the life they support. The one book that does is *The Stream Conservation Handbook*, edited by J. Michael Mager.

This seems odd. As towns and farms drain water for their needs, as industry pollutes, as engineers dam, our fishing writers continue to tell us—and retell us—how to wade, cast, predict insect hatches, how to tie flies and how to cook the fish we catch. The truth is that all of these are matters that most fishermen of average coordination and moderate intelligence already know about or can readily learn on their own. The nostalgia books can be counted on to relate, often in purple prose, the glorious fishing of old with close friends on lovely, unspoiled rivers or remote mountain lakes. These joys of fishing are real enough, and there is certainly a place for them in the literature of the sport, but surely it has become as important to preserve such joys as it is to recount them.

Puzzling mention is given to conservation in some of these books, but it usually takes the form of regretting that things aren't the way they used to be, rarely do they explain what might be done to keep conditions from worsening, or to improve them. Yet fly-fishermen in particular are by necessity good amateur ecologists, and those knowledgeable and literate enough to write books should be capable of explaining to their less experienced fellows what the many problems are and what might be done to alleviate them.

The situation is unfortunate. Rather than teaching us how to catch the ever rarer fish in our lakes and streams, it would be encouraging to see some fishermen write and some publishers print a few books which could help assure that the next generation of anglers will have an opportunity to figure out how to do it, too.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

BOXED IN

Cal Griffith of the Twins is the only owner in the majors who has always derived his income solely from the operation of his club. Although Griffith has a reputation as a penny pincher, he talks as if he can compete with richer owners and make Minnesota a profitable organization that can support him as well as two brothers, a sister, a son and three nephews who also work for the club.

In the last two years Griffith has lost three of his top players—Bill Campbell, Larry Hise and Lyman Bostock—in the free-agent draft, and it now looks as if he is going to lose Rod Carew, six-time American League batting champion. Relations with Carew, who doubts Griffith can pay him what he wants when his contract expires this year, have been up and down. Carew has said Griffith would be better off trading him, but Griffith says he is going to try to sign him. Last week Griffith and Twins Manager Gene Mauch, who tried to get out of his contract after last season so he could go to the Angels, had differences about veteran reliever Mike Marshall. Mauch wanted the Twins to sign Marshall after he looked good in a tryout, but Griffith refused, prompting Carew to state he was "going to stick it to Calvin" by playing out his option and then vetoing any trade Griffith proposed. At week's end Griffith reversed himself and announced he would sign Marshall.

It will take more than Marshall to revive the Twins, now in last place and hurting in attendance. Last week the *Minneapolis Tribune* offered prizes to readers who come closest to predicting the day the Twins will be eliminated from the AL West pennant race. First prize is two box seats for the final home game. Second prize is four box seats.

MONEY TALKS

Abe Pollin, the owner of the NHL's disappointing Washington Capitals, is promising fans a better hockey team next season, and he's doing that be-

cause he hopes to boost season-ticket sales from 4,800 to 10,000. So what else is new? It's this: Anyone who shells out \$380 for a ticket to all 40 home games and doesn't like the way the Caps perform can get back 20% of his money, \$76, by asking for it at the end of the season. The ticket buyer will be the sole judge of whether or not Pollin has lived up to his promise to deliver a better team. As Pollin has written to fans, "I am prepared to put my money where my mouth is to prove to you that I mean business."

IF AT FIRST

The wonder of the America's Cup is not that the U.S. wins, but that the foreigners keep coming back for more. Last week the New York Yacht Club, the custodian of the cup, announced that a record six challenges have been received for 1980.

France has mounted two. Baron Marcel Bich, the pen tycoon, will be risking more red ink with his fourth try and a new boat, *France 3*. The other challenge comes from La Société des Régates Rochelaises, whose members doubt Bich can ever succeed. The new group plans to launch *Marianne*, to be designed by Philippe Briend, who collaborated in building Sweden's *Sverige*.

Sverige will be back from the Royal Yacht Club in Gothenburg with Pelle Petterson again at the helm. This time, however, Petterson will have more dependable masts: Sverige was dismantled twice during her last campaign. Britain's prestigious Royal Southern Yacht Club is also challenging. Club members include Prince Philip and ex-Prime Minister Edward Heath, although neither is part of the syndicate that will foot the bill.

The perpetually hopeful Australians will mount two challenges. The Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron will be making its sixth. Its first came in 1962 when press lord Sir Frank Packer came closer to winning than any other modern challenger, with *Greef*. Naval architect Alan Payne, designer of the esteemed *Greef*

II, which gave our *Intrepid* fits in 1970, will build two identical 12-meter yachts to be named *Greef III* and *Greef IV*. Most challengers have suffered from a lack of intense American-style pre-cup competition. Evidently the Sydney group intends to minimize that disadvantage by pitting the two new *Greefs* against each other.

Finally, the Royal Perth Yacht Club will make another challenge. Alan Bond, the man behind the challengers *Southem Cross* in 1974 and *Australia* in 1977, is out, another real-estate tycoon. Keith Turner, is putting up the money. Turner, who has no background in yachting, has commissioned a local naval architect to design a boat.

SAY AWF

Does your cat have halitosis? Is your dog's bite worse than his bark? A lot of present-day pets have these problems,



says Dr. Donald Ross of Houston, a prime mover in the formation of the new American Veterinary Dental Society who routinely does root canal therapy on cats and puts braces on dogs. Dr. Ross got involved in animal dental work 11 years ago when as an Air Force veterinarian he found that a number of German shepherds trained for service duty had trouble with their choppers. Upon leaving the Air Force, he studied at the University of Texas dental school and then opened his practice, specializing in animal dentistry.

Cats get bad breath when food debris gets stuck in their teeth and causes gum diseases. "Soft foods for cats don't provide the exercise or stimulation necessary

Continued

to keep tissues healthy," says Ross. "and cats can wind up losing their teeth. I prefer to see cats on dry food. We used to think that the teeth of cats and dogs resisted bacterial decay. They do on the crown, but they can get decay lesions under the gum margin, affecting the root structure."

A soft-food diet can also play havoc with a dog's teeth. "It's O.K. to feed a dog a soft diet," Ross says, "but a dog should get hard, chewy foods to go with it." And the soft diet is only one factor. "Genetics are even more of a problem," says Ross. "With the increased popularity of dogs over the last 30 years, we've saved and salvaged a lot of defective genetic material, and so we render dogs susceptible to genetic abnormalities, such as extra teeth. Genetically you can reduce the size of a dog far easier than you can the size of his teeth and, in general, the smaller the breed, the more problems. It's not unusual to see a five-pound poodle with the teeth of a 10-pound dog."

IN THE HOLE

Six years ago the voters of Pontiac, Mich., approved a bond issue for the construction of a \$55 million stadium, later named the Silverdome. Its boosters said it would not only house the Detroit Lions, it would also end the suburb's fiscal decline. Now Pontiac is in a financial hole that promises to become deeper. The city will end this fiscal year \$3.1 million in debt. Next year the debt is expected to jump to \$4.5 million. Pontiac simply does not have sufficient income to run the city and pay the \$2 million-a-year interest and principal on the 30-year stadium bonds, and as a result local pols are now talking of belt-tightening and increasing the tax on property owners.

State Representative Dennis Hertel of Detroit, who is seeking to end the state's annual \$800,000 subsidy for the Silverdome, says, "A millionaire [William Clay Ford, owner of the Lions] is making a profit while the people of Pontiac and the state of Michigan are getting it in the ear." The *Detroit Free Press* chortles, "When we ponder all the fuzzy-murdered thinking that was involved in the Silverdome's current financial debacle, we are inclined to think that there is no fundamental explanation except belief in a great myth, that Detroit was going under, major league sports and other big events must go to the suburbs and after that everything would be nifty."

HOUSTON EARLERS

Since announcing that they planned to draft Earl Campbell, the Houston Oilers have sold 5,036 season tickets, upping the total to 36,500, a team record. At an average price of \$122 per, the extra tickets will pay for almost half of Campbell's six-year \$14 million contract. With Campbell's gate appeal, Houston could make up the rest of it on the road, where the Oilers' share is 40% of the gate.

CHANCE OF SEASONS

Indiana University is going to propose to the Big Ten this week that the NCAA abolish spring football practice in exchange for an extra 10 days of preseason work in August with a practice game. The idea comes from Coach Lee Corso, who says, "I brought this up in 1973 and the coaches were unanimous. They all just laughed. I hadn't won enough games to be taken seriously."

But now times have changed, and Corso, who would like to see his plan adopted for 1979, says, "I think if they'd give it a year, they'd see how much good it would do for the game. Spring practices are outmoded and a waste of time. Spring practices came about originally because teams were so big. They had 125 to 150 guys to weed out. Now we've got 63, and about 17 of them are walk-ons. If they gave us more time before the actual season with our entire program, we can provide a better product, and isn't that the objective?"

"You're not giving up anything. You're just transferring the same amount of practice time to a different time of the year. You would have the same practice routine in the fall as you have in the spring, but you wouldn't have to worry about guys being late for a chem lab. You've got 'em. It would be nothing but me, them and football."

CHARGED BATTERIES

Attention, trivia buffs, here's a new way to waste time creatively, courtesy of Dr. William H.B. Howard, a mild-mannered Baltimore surgeon by day and a closet sportswriter by night, who churns out a weekly column under the pen name of The Road Runner for the *Aegis* in Bel Air, Md.

Recently, while browsing through *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, Howard was delighted to note that the 1940 St. Louis Browns had a catcher named Bob Swift and a pitcher named Bill Trotter. Swift-

Trotter? Anyone else would have turned off the lights and gone to bed, but the gag inspired Howard to devise a new game of trivia. "The rules are simple," he writes. "Take any major league catcher and pitcher, not necessarily from the same team, and form batteries you would like to see an action." So far, Howard has put together the following combinations.

For furniture lovers, there is Maple-Dresser, Stone-Bench and Foote-Locker. For the medically minded, Blue-Shields, Lansing-Boyle and Bare-Check. For the gourmet, French-Frey, Hamm-Berger and Hash-Brown. For the clothes conscious, Long-Johns, Blue-Jeans and Sweet-Perce. For the job conscious, Hogg-Farmer, Wiley-Crooks, Street-Walker and Trout-Fisher.

Then there's a grab-bag of combinations, such as Grey-Beard, Green-Horne, Bare-Hug, Upp-Towne, Main-Street, Inks-Potts, Swift-Hooker, Crouch-Lowe, Land-Luebber, May-Pole, Mack-Trucks, Wood-Plank, Grasso-Hopper and Gross-Burpo.

As the doctor might say, follow his Golden-Ruel for Bess-Ball and try to fill up a Blank-Page Dooin-Good by tying up Loos-Knotts to show other buffs you're Fuller-Malarkey. Or, to put it simply, get a charge out of your own batteries.

THEY SAID IT

• Brendon Coe, 10-year-old pitcher, when, to promote dental care, Little League officials in Mill Valley, Calif. began serving kumquats, sesame crunch and apple-boysenberry juice at the refreshment stands instead of soft drinks and candy: "Yecch!"

• Lubron Harris Jr., PGA tournament official, on the rescheduling of the Bob Hope Desert Classic from February to January: "We think it has a much better chance to be as good as always."

• Darryl Dawkins, Philadelphia 76er center, just before he took a vow of silence with sportswriters: "Nothing means nothing, but it isn't really nothing because nothing is something that isn't."

• Rich Makoff, basketball coach of the Crossroads School in Santa Monica, Calif., on the selection of Donald McCleary, a junior, to a high school All-America team: "He's only five-eleven, but he outjumped guys six feet tall all year long."

END

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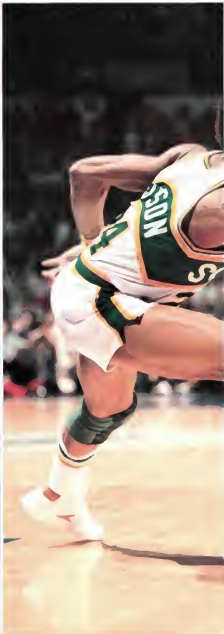
MAY 22, 1978

READY FOR A SONIC BOOM

Seattle was flying high, about to shut the Nuggets down, when it encountered Game-5 turbulence at 5,000 feet in Denver and had to head for home

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

In the first four games of the series, unheralded Dennis Johnson dived the mighty David Thompson, stopping him as no one had.





CONTINUED

Sonisteria, which you may have heard about if you have been anywhere near a floating bridge, an aircraft plant or the Wonderful World of Brent Musburger, goes something like this: the good people of Seattle blow their lungs out over a team they call the bionic SuperSonics. A stocky child, who refers to himself as "the black kid with freckles and bags under his eyes," puts the clamps on the opposition's legendary hero. Then an elderly, bent-over codger with a goatee enters stage left to hurt the bull into the basket from the unlikelyst places—Puget Sound, Mount Rainier, you name it—and Sonisteria advances into the NBA finals.

That is about what occurred last week when 23-year-old Dennis Johnson and 29-year-old Fred Brown combined to bring the Seattle SuperSonics to the brink of the most spectacular turnaround from disaster since, well, since Sonisteria's first cousin, Bluzermania, was invented in the same Pacific Northwest a few thundershowers ago.

On Nov. 30, 1977, Seattle had a 5-17 record and was looking for the fastest tugboat to Alaska. Last Friday, May 12, 1978, the SuperSonics whipped the Denver Nuggets for the third straight time to take a three-games-to-one lead in the Western Conference playoffs and put themselves in prime position to proceed forthwith—along with the Eastern Conference Sixer-killers, the Washington Bullets—to the championship round.

That confrontation ran into a slight delay last Sunday, when the Sonics rolled over and yawned during the fifth game of a series they appeared to have locked up.

They had done the same thing a couple of weeks before. Leading Portland by 3-1, Coach Lenny Wilkens' troops were destroyed on the enemy court and had to come home to win in six. On Mother's Day in Denver, they were beaten again when the Nuggets' David Thompson hurt out of a shooting slump to score 35 points, Dan Ijuel ran Seattle Center Marvin Webster into the floorboards with 27 more and Denver prolonged the series with a 123-114 victory.

"We were lackadaisical, or whatever you want to call it," said Webster, who stayed awake long enough to block sev-

en shots but whose first-half loafing contributed to a 11-31 Seattle rebounding deficit, which, in turn, resulted in a 61-44 Denver lead.

The Nuggets, who finally realized Thompson would need some picks and screens to hide from Dennis Johnson, led by as many as 19 points in the second half, before a late Sonic rally cut the lead to 113-108. But then Seattle called time out, during which Denver set up a little play for Thompson and he hit a double-pumping, high-arching shot from the key to put the Nuggets out of danger.

"David moved better and used his screens," Johnson said. "He's the influential player in the whole thing. When he gets going, the rest of the Denver team moves up the track."

Through the first four games of the series, Johnson played an average of 44

minutes a game, stopping Thompson as no one in college or the pros had been able to. While everybody is supposed to recognize Sonics such as Webster, Downtown Brown and even rookie Jack Sikma, Johnson, a second-year man, is a relative unknown. His background includes very little action as the "lith man" at Dominguez High in Compton, Calif. ("Mexican school?" he was asked. "Black Mexicans," he answered.) Then his jumping ability surfaced; he was nicknamed "Airplane" along with the expectable "DJ," and he progressed through Harbor Junior College and one year of defensive stardom at Pepperdine before leaving as a hardship case to join the Sonics.

"Dennis is strong and quick and tough," Thompson finally admitted one day. "His timing on the jump is uncan-



Downtown Fred Brown, aided by Ralph Simpson, had the knack of coming in late and scoring a lot

ny " Indeed, though Thompson averaged 27.2 points and shot .521 during the season, in the three Seattle victories he was outscored by Johnson 71-64, and held to six points below his average and .142 under his shooting percentage. This while DJ was scoring 11 points above his average of 12.7.

"I watch David's eyes to see what he is going to do," Johnson said, a remark that would send a good many high school coaches screaming into the night. "No, really. I don't know if David's pressing or forcing his shots or what," he said. "I can't really watch his game. If I do, I might be amazed."

Long before Johnson's duel with Thompson, however, what Denver loyalists describe as "our annual midspring paranoia" had infected the Nugget camp. After they had blown a 3-1 lead against Milwaukee earlier in the playoffs, the entire organization from General Manager Carl Scheer on down were downcast as rumors surfaced about the viability of the franchise as well as the availability of Larry Brown's coaching job. When Thompson came to the rescue with a 37-point spree in the seventh game and Denver hung on to win and make the conference finals, *The Denver Post* headlined: **SUGGESTS GAG BUT DON'T CHOKER.**

Which is what they once again seemed ready to do after splitting the first two games at home against the Sonics, winning the first 116-107 and losing the second 121-111. Brown took the occasion to vent some spleen on the referees. The Nuggets had outshot, outrebounded and outscored the Sonics by 17 field goals in the two games, but Seattle had been awarded 111 free throws and converted 82 of them, to Denver's 58 and 47, the result of being charged with 72 fouls to Seattle's 52.

"We're the finesse team, they're the muscle guys, but we can't get a call anywhere," the Nugget coach fumed. "You see any loose-ball fouls whined against them? You see any rebounding fouls on them?" Thompson shot the second most free throws in the league during the regular season and he goes to the line four times in the second game. Jack Sikma can't even dribble, and they're calling blocks on Bobby Jones. Our substitution continuity is gone. My players don't even know how to play anymore."

Seattle's Paul Silas, who experienced the Denver doldrums as a Nugget last season, said, "I would hate to see us

complain as much as they do. It hurts concentration and it hurts them with the refs."

Back home in the Coliseum for Game 3, the Sonics continued to unsettle Larry Brown's evenings. By the time he had incurred his third technical foul of the series, with 4:25 left, Webster was dominating Isell off the glass (16 rebounds to seven) and blocking three shots; the Sonics were on a 11-3 streak; and Fred Brown, who had scored 39 in the first two games, had come off the bench again and was in the process of throwing in 11 points, mostly from downtown, or long range. Seattle coasted in with a 105-91 victory.

For a time, much of the Sonics' success and health—specifically the curing of ailments such as Dennis Johnson's dislocated finger and Fred Brown's flu—was credited to Elaine Busse, a Colorado "nutritionist and massage therapist," who last season had helped Webster, then still a Nugget, find the right diet when he was recovering from hepatitis. But when it was learned that Busse had been convicted of manslaughter for advising the reduction and eventual elimination of insulin for a young diabetic patient in favor of prayer and vitamin supplements, the odds on nutrition dropped out of sight.

Actually, in their first two wins the Sonics had simply been wearing down the Nuggets in the backcourt, where Johnson would handle the ball while Brown and Gus Williams would take turns piling up jumpers and breakaway flyers. In addition, the league's second-best defensive team was playing some rather distinguished defense.

"The difference is Seattle stops us down the stretch and we don't stop them," said Brown.

"We plan to keep putting pressure on Denver's offense," said Wilkens.

Which meant on Thompson. Which meant that Johnson—freckles, eye bags and all—would shadow Captain Skywalker everywhere, force him left, run at his shooting arm and especially—this may be material for Ripley's—jump high enough to compel Thompson to change his shot and to attempt some horrendous off-balance prayers that could not possibly be answered, he hit only 6 of 19 in Game 3.

In Game 4 in Seattle on Friday night, Johnson received help from Webster (19 blocked shots through four games) and

continued tormenting Thompson into missing 17 of 27 shots, while scoring a game- (and career-) high 31 points himself. Still, Denver seemed about to tie the series when it took a 78-74 lead early in the fourth period. All that meant was that it was time for Downtown Brown to come roaring out of the bullpen, it was time for Here's Freddy. It was time for Sonics-era.

Right away, Brown made a steal and fed Johnson for an easy layup. Brown danced behind a screen, forced the switch, then fed Sikma for a bucket. Brown went downtown on the left for a one-hander, after which Johnson scored while falling down in the lane, and it was 82-78 Sonics.

Brown's fourth quarter eventually consisted of four baskets, three foul shots and three assists and accounted for 17 Seattle points, including seven straight in the final four minutes to preserve the Sonics' 100-94 victory.

"I've never seen anybody play Thompson as well as Dennis does," Silas concluded. "He was devastating Freddy" He was, well, just Freddy."

Which was enough to force that other Brown, Denver's Larry, into head-shaking and paroxysms of adulation.

"We hand-check him, we body him, we double up on him in the corner. He still gets the ball away," said Brown. L. of Brown. F. "Sometimes he throws it up there without looking and he gets it down anyway. They all go down. But that's his name, isn't it?"

And so it is. Downtown Fred Brown scored 37 points in the final periods of Seattle's three victories, mostly while jabbering, winking, stroking his chin whiskers and falling into the fifth row. "I'm just doing my job," he said. "But I do own the fourth quarter."

Last Sunday, he didn't. Downtown's jumper took a short vacation way out of town and he made just one of eight shots in the entire game. The Sonics were flat and lucky to own their own shots after the Nuggets exploded for several hundred fast breaks before most Coloradans had gotten out of their solar beds for the 12 noon tipoff.

Despite the temporary deviation of momentum, both teams knew where they were heading for Game 6. Back to Seattle where the Sonics had won 19 consecutive times. Back to Sonics-era. Both teams also knew which one of them owned that.

END



Gerulaitis had trouble with his serve during the quarterfinals, double faulting 14 times. Against Dibbs he cut that to three, with none in the last two sets.

Texas oilman Lamar Hunt is recognized as the wealthy patron who took professional tennis in when it was a wandering waif, dressed it up and gave it legitimacy, to say nothing of the proceeds from several oil wells. Last Sunday in Dallas the compatibility of the relationship was illustrated when Eddie Dibbs and Vitas Gerulaitis, two former public-parks players, battled for the \$100,000 first-place check in the World Championship of Tennis finals.

That Dibbs and Gerulaitis should have been in the finals was a surprise, not so much because only a few years ago both of them were playing before audiences consisting mainly of barking dogs, but because for the past two years Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors had dominated this event and, with Guillermo Vilas sitting out most of the indoor season, figured to do so again. Borg, however, defaulted in the semifinals to Gerulaitis because of an infected blister on his right thumb that prevented him from shaking hands, much less hitting a top spin, and when the tournament opened, Connors was in a Los

MOTHER'S DAY PRESENT FOR HIS FATHER

In the WCT finals, Gerulaitis beat Dibbs for the first time, pleasing his dad and enabling him to put a down payment on the Ferrari **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Angeles hospital with mononucleosis.

Thus the final was between two players who once competed with holes in their sneakers. Of Lebanese ancestry and the son of an auctioneer, Dibbs learned the game in Miami Beach's Flamingo Park while Gerulaitis, the offspring of Lithuanian immigrants, was practicing the rudiments of tennis in New York's Central Park when Hunt inaugurated the WCT circuit in 1968.

In the Sunday show-down, the 23-year-old Gerulaitis won 6-3, 6-2, 6-1 by controlling the net and frustrating Dibbs with a potent, rock-steady attack from the base line. The victory raised Gerulaitis' season earnings, midway through

the fifth month of the year, to \$296,832—and he is second on the money list behind Borg.

In their four previous meetings, Dibbs had beaten Gerulaitis each time. But in Dallas Gerulaitis found and exploited a weakness in Dibbs' normally steady game—erratic net play. "He won't come to the net," Vilas told his father and coach, Vitas Sr., during a practice session Saturday. "If he does he's in trouble, because his forehand volley is worse than his backhand volley." The estimate was uncannily accurate as Dibbs' net play broke down in the later stages of each set and he made only one forehand winner all day. All told, Dibbs lost 23 of the

43 points in which he came to the net, and he broke Gerulaitis' serve only once, in the very first game of the afternoon.

In the third set, when he sensed the match was safe, Gerulaitis turned to his father sitting at courtside, gave him a wink and shook his fist in the air. It was his father who gave Vitas his first racket, and when the match ended the elder Gerulaitis, taking a page from his son's book, turned to the two female fans on his left and kissed their hands.

Both Dibbs and Gerulaitis have been at the edge of the spotlight for the last year or so. First Eddie has been overshadowed by Connors' brilliance and his own meager showings in major championships, but many rank him as the second-best player in the U.S. and, considering his listed height of 5'7", one of the finest in history for his size. For his part, Gerulaitis won both the Italian and Australian Opens last year, played Davis Cup against South Africa, led the WCT point standings, made every gossip column from here to Monte Carlo and grew tired of his playboy image. "That's all they ever want to write about," he grouched early in the week, meanwhile revealing that he had a new Ferrari on order to go with his two Rolls-Royces, the Mercedes and the Porsche.

Of the two finalists, Dibbs' early-round play was the more spectacular. First he destroyed a listless and disheartened Ilie Nastase 6-3, 6-3, 6-0 on Thursday, winning 22 of the first 25 points as the 31-year-old Romanian flailed away with a racket equipped with special stringing to impart more top spin. Then in the semifinals Friday evening Dibbs wore down a game Corrado Barazzutti, Italy's top player, 6-2, 7-6, 6-4.

Against Nastase, Dibbs needed only 84 minutes. Against Barazzutti, the resolute and indefatigable son of a truck driver, who can look weary just walking through a hotel lobby, Dibbs needed 78 minutes in the second set alone. But trying to wear out Dibbs is not much more rewarding than trying to wear out a backboard. The ball just keeps coming back.

Barazzutti was in the tournament on a pass, added to the eight-player field when Sandy Mayer joined Connors on the sidelines because of a commitment to World Team Tennis. Barazzutti performs as if the court is a stage just for him, hopping about comically and beseeching the tennis gods after missed

shots, spreading his arms in supplication after a linesman's call he doesn't like and, when things are going badly, acting like a man on the last few yards of a death march. The spectacle is enhanced by the fact that, at 5'9", the Italian weighs only 141 pounds and goes about with his head down, as though he were continually studying his stomach. "Look at you," Nastase told him early in the week as Barazzutti slouched on the sidelines at practice, "you're only 25 and you look 35."

But he can play tennis. Barazzutti, who reached the semifinals at Forest Hills last summer, has replaced Adriano Panatta as Italy's top player. His game revolves around extraordinary patience and resilience. At times he looks like the worst player in the world and seems ready to throw in the towel—and that is when he is dangerous. In his first-round match against second-seeded Brian Gottfried on Thursday evening, Barazzutti eked out a 6-4 win in the first set, then won only three games in the next two sets and appeared ready for elimination, frequently bouncing his racket on the court in disgust and lowering his head several more degrees.

Deceived by this display, Gottfried kept coming to the net, hitting what looked like good approach shots, only to have Barazzutti bazooka them back from awkward positions for winners. The evening ended with the Italian taking the final two sets 6-1, 6-3 and Gottfried sitting at the press conference with puzzled, narrowed eyes, wondering what went wrong. Asked to explain his turnaround, Barazzutti told the writers, "I talk with myself."

The following night Dibbs had him talking and swinging. Hitting his ground strokes better than at any time in his career, he made Barazzutti take three steps for every one of his. Dibbs' pressure was so relentless that only three times did Barazzutti win the opening point when Dibbs was serving. He spent most of the evening acting like a man trying to dodge machine-gun fire as Dibbs blasted away at the sidelines. Later Dibbs was asked if his game is still improving. "Well," he said, "I'm making more money each year." Added his mother Florence, who often joins her son at tournaments and long ago dismissed fears that he would someday be a tennis bum, "This is a wonderful Mother's Day present."

Mrs. Dibbs' reservations were understandable when you consider that Eddie

barely can see over the net and only a ferocious appetite for practice and a fiercely combative personality have lifted him to the upper regions of his sport. Gerulaitis, on the other hand, is blessed with an abundance of talent, a bachelor's penchant for the good life—\$4,500 wrist-watches, disco dancing with Cheryl Tiegs, designer clothing and customized stereo equipment. Lately, however, he has turned off his telephone and concentrated on his game. He came to Dallas primed to win, though he never had beaten Borg in eight previous matches, including five this year. "We're not worried about Borg," said Richard Weisman, Gerulaitis' friend and financial adviser. "The match that concerns me is the one against Raul Ramirez."

Ramirez was Gerulaitis' opening opponent and after losing the first three points, and double-faulting twice, Gerulaitis reached in his pocket, pulled out his hotel room key and flung it to the sidelines. "I was trying for three girls in the first row but I was a little short," he joked later. That was his first and last antic of the night, however. He came back to win the opening game, and although he double-faulted 14 times, he won 6-1, 2-6, 6-2, 6-1, picking off Ramirez' passing shots at the net and flicking them away for winners as easily as he handles flirtations.

Borg's talent, however, is such that he can turn a close match into a rout, as he did in the tournament's opening round when he destroyed Dick Stockton 4-6, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0. "I never knew where the ball was going," sighed Stockton. "If the match had lasted much longer I would have needed my catcher's equipment. He was hitting so hard that I was being pushed back into the fence."

The display enhanced Borg's role as the tournament favorite, but on Thursday, practicing with Barazzutti, his right thumb began to throb so much that he could not grip his racket and hurried off to the doctor for treatment. By Friday the thumb was still painful and Borg withdrew, necessitating a quick phone call by Weisman. Despite an outward display of confidence, Gerulaitis, his father and Weisman had failed to bring tuxedos with them for Lamar Hunt's tournament ball on Saturday night.

Only a few years ago, pro tennis and tuxedos mixed about as well as oil and water. Then Lamar Hunt came along to make everybody a millionaire. **END**

GIMME AN 'S', GIMME AN 'E', GIMME...

... an 'X'. And NFL fans are going to have it this coming season, as cheerleaders for more and more teams are adopting the Dallas Cowboy look. Where it's going to lead only Oakland Raider Coach John Madden knows **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

One day, long after the National Football League has finally abandoned football altogether and turned into a coast-to-coast string of peep shows, someone will make one of those 37-part made-for-TV movies about the Great Cheerleading War of 1978. They can call it *Booze*, the story of sexy, yet wholesome, young Linda Sue Ann Cheri Jo, who travels to her ancestral homeland in Dallas where she finds the secret to her past by unearthing the fossilized brassiere of her great-great-unbelievably-great-grandmommy, Dana Debbie Sue Tammy Lynn.

It's something the NFL ought to be thinking about as it boogies on down the road to perfection and Super Bowl XXX. Goodness knows, the only thing anybody talks about anymore is S-E-X and the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders. Just last week, Ann Landers had to contend with an enraged reader complaining about the trend toward "older, sexier, and more naked cheerleaders" in the NFL. "Tallented baton twirlers and really good dancing... don't mean a thing," the infamously correspondent said, asking Ann how she felt about such an "appalling commentary on American taste." How Ann felt was that such preferences were the "last gasps of a dying civilization."

Right. Certainly, whatever the Dallas cheerleaders started six years ago, with their plunging necklines and winking belly buttons, has spread through the rest of the NFL like a social disease. Which, of course, is exactly what a lot of people think it is. But as Vince Lombardi almost said, "Sinning isn't everything, it's the only thing."

The truth of the matter is it's hard to believe you could shake a "two hits, four bits" out of the dozen or so so-called cheerleading squads that have reared their lovely heads in the NFL in the last year or so. But never mind. They've got their vinyl boots and their pompons and Niagatas of blow-dried hair cascading down their backs, and you could just go to pep rallies and commit the cheers for Sunday's game to memory. Life is a se-

ries of small concessions, and this is one you can enjoy.

Recently Los Angeles Ram owner Carroll Rosenbloom proclaimed, "Cheerleaders are now an intrinsic part of the NFL." He said this about the same time Bill Allen, director of Miami's Dolphin Dolls, vouchsafed that "Cheerleading is becoming nothing more than a battle of belly buttons, busts and backsides," or words to that effect. If it follows that Allen's three B's are now at the heart of NFL efforts, then pro football must be just the thing for people who like a little sex with their violence.

Something is afoot. Last April 24, CBS' National Collegiate Cheerleading Championships went head-to-head with ABC's Monday Night Baseball, and won. The cheerleading show drew 37% of the viewing audience, baseball only 22%. And this is the National Pastime we're discussing here, not a couple of refugee gaiety guys on cable TV.

Moreover, last month in Chicago, 1,500 young women applied for 28 spots on the Chicago Honey Bears. Los Angeles recently selected 24 Ram Sundancers from a field of more than 800 candidates. In Baltimore the Colts have signed 45 girls to wear uniforms almost identical to those worn by the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders.

"Everyone is trying to out-Dallas Dallas," says Atlanta Falcon Assistant GM Curt Mosher. Indeed, the Cowboys are usually a year or so ahead of the rest of the league in everything, and cheerleading is no exception. It was back in 1972 that Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm professionalized his squad by hiring eight girls from the dance studio of choreographer Texe Waterman. Suzanne Mitchell, who came to the Cowboys in 1975 as Schramm's secretary and has since become the cheerleaders' full-time manager, agent and martinet, is now, more or less by default, the arbiter of taste and decorum for the whole league. "Obviously we don't put the girls in those uniforms to hide anything," says Mitchell. "Sports has always had a very

clean, almost Puritanical aspect about it, but by the same token, sex is a very important part of our lives. What we've done is combine the two."

This state of affairs may be to some degree a result of the influence of television on sports. TV did not create the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders, but its unblinking eye drove the number of applicants for the 37 spots up from 250 in 1976 to 1,053 this year, and it is responsible for the recent demise of the Dolphin Dolls, a precision dance team of conservatively dressed teen-age girls. The Dolls had been with the Miami franchise since its inception in 1966, but choreographer Allen claims he was told twice by network cameramen that the Dolls wouldn't be shown on camera until they wore skimpier costumes. Now the Dolphins are going to older, sexier girls, who will be choreographed by the legendary

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER KOSS JR.



June Taylor. The plan is to put them in bathing suits and have them cavort in an end zone around a pool containing the legendary Flipper.

With few exceptions, cheerleading for a pro football team is hard, demanding, underpaid work. Dallas cheerleaders get only \$15 per game (\$14.12 after taxes), must clean their own uniforms, attend innumerable practices (miss two and you're out), and be at the stadium two hours before each home game. Other teams pay even less and perks are minimal. Dallas may hold the record for penury by bringing their girls to New Orleans a few hours before the Super Bowl and sending them right home afterward on the pretext that there had been no hotel rooms available.

When not being penurious, the Cowboys try very hard to put their girls over as not only beautiful but also bright. Mitchell is forever trotting out Connie Dolan, a nuclear-medicine technologist, and Shannon Baker, a 4.0 student at SMU who just happens to have danced a solo turn with the Bolshoi Ballet.

The tryouts that have been taking place in NFL cities all over the country this spring are an indication of what lies ahead, and of how the professional cheer-

leading war is hotting up. The Atlanta Falcons auditioned more than 150 girls for 18 to 20 cheerleading spots. Three of them somehow managed to wiggle out of their tops, and only one bothered to stop dancing and regroup. One entry arrived with her record broken, but disoriented herself with such charm that the platter problem was overlooked. In Baltimore they're "definitely showing more skin this year," according to the Colts' front office, and in Cincinnati even conservative old Paul Brown has given the O.K. to a plan to dress the Ben-Gals in sarongs decorated with hand-painted tigers.

Still, a girl can't make it on the three B's alone. Last week at the final tryouts in Dallas, the contestants were interviewed, took a written exam on football and the Dallas Cowboy organization, and then pranced in groups of four onto a makeshift dance floor. There, in a swirl of disco music, they proceeded to dance their brains out, which in some instances did not take very long. Two networks and a film crew from UCLA were on hand, and Fleet Street was represented by a man from the London Daily Express.

These tryouts are a one-day, now-or-never proposition, with no consideration

for the fact that even cowgirls get the flu. "Most of these girls would be here even if they were having an appendicitis attack," said Suzanne Mitchell.

This year's candidates began converging on Texas Stadium at 8 a.m. last Saturday, 78 of the fairest and finest tributes to the American cosmetics industry the world has seen. High cheekbones, higher cheekbones, cheekbones as high as an elephant's eye, all of them seeming to shimmer like sunlit promontories under the high-intensity movie lights.

Many of the girls had been unable to sleep the night before, but there was so much adrenaline flowing in the tryout room you had to be careful not to step in some, slip and break your concentration.

Contestant No. 3, Suzette Scholtz, was smiling so hard she nearly drove her eyeballs into her forehead. Eva Stancil had come all the way from her home in Alabama, ready to move to Dallas—as the rules required—if she was selected. She wasn't. Nineteen-year-old Robin Sindorf, a striking brunette, had tried out because cheerleading for the Cowboys would be "something to do," and because her heart belongs to daddy. When her name was announced as one of the chosen 37, she kept repeating, "This is going to make my father so happy. He's a big Cowboy fan."

It's hard to say where all this will lead. As Shannon Baker has noted, "Even Charlie's Angels could only stay on top for so long." But Oakland Raider Coach John Madden, holding forth on the subject of cheerleaders the other day, had what sounded like a good guess.

"I can see what this game is coming to," said Madden. "Choreographers instead of coaches. It will be a contest to judge which set of girls gets more TV time. After the gun sounds, the losing choreographer will tell the press, 'We lost our momentum. We couldn't maintain intensity. That's the name of the game—intensity. We'll have to regroup, go back to fundamentals. Put it in the paper, we'll be back.' The losing side will complain about the judges' decisions and the case will go to the commissioner, who will appoint a seventh judge. And after the girls have competed, the football players will come out at halftime for their exhibition, but the press won't notice because they'll be too busy watching replays of the cheerleaders."

END

Eager finalists for the Dallas Cowgirls were really moving last week, but that sure is no locomotive



NEW UPROAR OVER A CONTROVERSIAL DRUG

After one death and several accidents, some jockeys are beginning to ask questions about the Butazolidin being given to their horses **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Jockeys just aren't smart," snaps a prominent trainer at Baltimore's Pimlico racetrack. "Don't pay any attention to them. The proof is when you call the White House, no guy 4' 8" tall answers the phone." While this derisive observation is obviously illogical, incongruous and indefensible, it is accurate evidence of how edgy the people in racing are these days as they confront what has become the sport's most explosive issue—Bute.

Butazolidin is the brand name for the drug phenylbutazone, a medication that can reduce swelling and inflammation, which in turn eases pain. It's the most widely used drug in the horse racing industry, yet, on the heels of a series of recent accidents, its very mention generates emotional sparks. And jockeys—including Rudy Turcotte, who broke his collarbone in a horrendous four-horse spill at Pimlico earlier this month that killed one rider, Robert Pineda—are questioning its use. Jorge Velazquez, one of the nation's top jockeys, says, "In my opinion, these places that use Bute are really not in control of it." And Steve Cauthen says, "The thing I don't like about Bute is the horse tries to overextend himself. The horse is better when he knows how he feels."

Indeed, a big knock on Bute—albeit a much refuted one—is that it does make a horse feel better than it really is, thus making it possible for the animal to put too much pressure on a bad ankle or knee. The newest question raised about Bute is whether the drug adversely affects healing of an injury, and whether bone density is subsequently weakened. This question arises because of a feeling that serious breakdowns are increasing, that instead of horses coming back lame after a race, too many are snapping their legs and going down during it. Studies are under way. If the theory proves correct, Bute is in big trouble. In 19 of 22 states where there is major thoroughbred

racing, Bute is legal. Only New York, New Jersey and Arkansas prohibit horses from racing on it. At this Saturday's Preakness in Baltimore, some of the horses likely will be on Bute.

But the jocks have plenty of opposition. Gene Bierhaus, chief vet of the Colorado Racing Commission says, "I really hate to see jockeys evaluate scientific questions." Maryland veterinarian Jim Stewart suggests, "When people are killed in cars, it's not because of the gasoline." And Chick Lang, Pimlico's general manager, says, "About the only way a jockey can get killed by Butazolidin is for a box of it to fall on his head. But if I'm wrong and it's being abused, then let's find out and do something about it."

In the wake of Pineda's death, and as a result of injuries suffered by jockeys in several other falls this year, plenty of people besides the riders are condemning—or defending—the drug. One of them is James P. Mills, owner of the fine 3-year-old Believe It. He is anti-Bute and thinks that pressure from the jockeys is the "best hope" for doing away with it.

Whatever people say, Bute is not a painkiller like Demerol, morphine and novocain. "If you think it is," says Pennsylvania veterinarian Kenneth P. Seiber, "next time you go to the dentist and he's going to drill, tell him to give you Bute instead of novocain." Still, Bute is the code word for those who want to attack the use of drugs in racing. Ever since Dancer's Image won the Kentucky Derby in 1968, then was disqualified because Bute was found in his system, use of the drug has stirred highly publicized controversy.

Three recent accidents have intensified the controversy. At Hollywood Park last month, jockeys Angel Cordero Jr. and Raul Ramirez were hurt when Cordero's mount, Firdabee, went down. In California, information about the use of Bute is not available to the public. Yet, reluctance to talk (Firdabee's trainer,



Tommy Doyle, says, "It's nobody's business") indicates Firdabee may, indeed, have been on the drug. Then, in February at Bowie, Md., rider John Adams was crushed when his horse, Po Sho, broke her leg and went down. Adams was unconscious for 21 days, and semi-conscious 14 more. "Bute makes 'em try too hard," says Adams, who is recuperating at his Bowie home. "They had to use Bute to get Po Sho to the track. She couldn't have raced without it." Trainer David Sipe says that's not true, although



Robert Pineda, riding Easter Bunny Mine (16), died of injuries suffered in a spill at Pimlico, which began when Easy Edith (3), running on Bute, broke a leg

he admits Po Shu was running with a bone chip in her ankle.

Then on May 3, Pineda was killed. The accident started when Turcotte's horse, Easy Edith, was going for the lead. She snapped a leg, and Pineda's horse, right behind, flipped over her and fell. Later, Turcotte submitted to a hospital room interview in which he was quoted as blaming Bute for causing the breakdown. He also equated Bute with novocain. Now Turcotte is backing off, declining to say that Bute put Easy Edith down (she had

inflamed knees, says her trainer, Tom Cavinness, but nothing serious). "I just don't know," Turcotte says, "but in a lot of these spills, Bute has a lot to do with it." Turcotte also says he regrets his reference to novocain, which he admits was incorrect and a poor example. Says Turcotte, "I was under a punkster myself. I was just trying to explain what Bute was to this reporter who didn't know anything." Turcotte, pain clearly etched in his face, dropped by Adams' house the other evening, and admitted that all the

events—the race, the accident, the death, the interview—came too fast. "It's like somebody points a gun at you," he said. "You don't have time to think what you're gonna do after the bullet has gone through your head."

Racing people, especially those who are pro Bute, feel a bullet has gone through their heads, shot from the mouths of Adams and Turcotte. Trainers in particular think that jockeys should be seen riding and not heard talking. One of Pimlico's leading trainers, Buddy

continued

Delp, says, "These jocks are way off base. They don't know enough about Bute to know what they're talking about." In fact, last week two members of Pimlico's management privately discredited Turcotte and Adams.

Last year the National Association of Racing Commissioners asked a committee of chemists and vets to look at Bute and to investigate causes of breakdowns. The panel came up with many reasons (excessive racing, poor tracks, poor conformation, bad training) but concluded, "Controlled medication per se is not considered to be a significant factor." Colorado, the first state to legalize Bute, has not experienced an increase in breakdowns. Neither has California.

Current figures compiled by the Pennsylvania branch of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association compare breakdowns in Pennsylvania, a Bute state, with non-Bute New York for 1977. Keystone had 5.0 breakdowns per thousand horses, Penn National 3.7 per thousand; New York 5.6 per thousand at Belmont, Aqueduct and Saratoga. And in the first several months of this year, Keystone had 5.5 per thousand, Penn Na-

tionally only 2.6 and Aqueduct 6.2. "Bute doesn't cause horses to break down," says New Jersey vet Allan Wise. "Tracks do."

A horse that is arthritic or otherwise sore can be given two pills (10¢ each) or shots (\$6 to \$8), and the swelling generally eases. When the swelling eases, so does the pain, which enables the horse to run more naturally, compensating less for an aching leg. Veterinarian G. Frederick Fregin, assistant professor at the New Bolton Center near Philadelphia, who is involved in a study of Bute, asks, "Does a horse injure himself when he feels pain or when he doesn't? A horse that is sore wants to protect himself. If soreness throws off his gait, alters his stride, there's a chance of trouble."

If a horse has been dosed with Bute, he no longer exhibits soreness and he feels better, therefore he races closer to his form. Ergo, the bettor should not limp home so badly. Nor should the horse. The main problems arise with cheaper horses, the claimers, who race in Bute states that inform the public which horse is on the drug. In those states, if a horse is raced without Bute, it is an advertisement that the animal is sound—a real jewel among a bevy of bad legs. So he most likely will be claimed immediately. This means that many horses that don't need Bute are raced on it to cover up their true condition.

But with Bute easing routine soreness, the horses can race more often. Since legislatures repeatedly add racing days (in 1960 there were 6,099 racing dates in this country; last year there were 13,293) because they want more tax revenue. New York gets \$134.6 million, California \$109.1 million, Illinois \$72.5 million, Pennsylvania \$23.7 million and Maryland \$19.3 million annually from the sport. Racing is especially hectic in the East, and pressures on the horsemen are strong. The trainer is buffeted on one side by owners who want action for their \$600 to \$1,000 a month per horse training expenses and by racing secretaries who desperately need horses to fill races. At the same time the trainer must contend with the moral problem of racing a horse which often has aches and pains and needs rest far more than an inside post position. And finally there are the jockeys who increasingly are saying they don't like to ride Bute horses but are afraid to turn down the mounts for fear they won't get more.

Few trainers will admit that they have

to have Bute in order to get their horses to the starting gate. The other guys do, of course, but not them. Bute can cover up a multitude of training sins. Still, even ill-advised overdoses of Bute don't seem to hurt a horse or improve performance. The drug is not a stimulant, which means it doesn't miraculously make horses run faster than normal. And it's not a depressant, although many vets and others concede privately they think it has a dulling effect if administered on race day. Side effects are rare. It does, however, cloud testing procedures for other drugs.

A minority view is held by Dr. Wise. He thinks Bute is so potent that it will "completely make a fracture." Counters Dr. Seeber, "Impossible." But to avoid such abuse, Wise says states need only adopt rules limiting its use to 24 hours before the race or, even better, up to 48 hours. Then, says Wise, the horse will get the benefit of Bute as it relates to soreness but the drug will not mask the pain of a fracture or other serious condition that would otherwise be detected. Some states have such rules. Others, like Maryland and Pennsylvania, don't.

Supporters of Bute note that procedures used in lieu of it are far worse. Laminectomy once was a common treatment for ailing legs, but these concoctions routinely blistered the horse's thin skin. A more common procedure is to drain fluid from a horse's joint, then inject the joint with cortisone—which some say shortens a horse's racing career. But, for the moment, it does keep him racing. And then there is the most brutal procedure, cutting a horse's nerves to eliminate pain. John Veitch, Alydar's trainer, says there are worse practices than using Bute, among them the common technique of standing a horse in ice (Veitch says that makes bones brittle) and racing in winter on frozen tracks. "If Bute can overcome an ailment," says Dr. Seeber, "it's not a very serious ailment." Another routine defense of Bute is that horses not on it break bones anyway and go down.

The naysayers are highly vocal Mrs. Richard C. duPont, Kelso's breeder, thinks there is "absolutely no question" that Bute leads to breakdowns. "If a horse is sore, you give him a little time," she says. "You don't give him Bute." (Time is a luxury many owners and trainers can't afford.) Carl Hanford, who used to train Kelso and who is now a Keystone steward, thinks too many trainers use Bute as a crutch. Charles Cella, presi-

continued

Jockey John Adams has doubts about Bute.



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dent of Arkansas' Oaklawn track, says, "When we use Bute on horses, we aren't letting nature take its free course. We end up with a winner by virtue of chemistry, not breeding." William G. Barry, chairman of the New York State Racing and Wagering Board, says, "Horses should race in proper physical condition without the use of drugs to alter their performance in any way." Still, horses are permitted to train on Bute in New York, and everywhere else, which to serious bettors is not fair, for workout times are important to handicapping.

Moreover, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals predictably is at Bute's throat. In Pennsylvania a bill has been introduced to abolish the drug and a long list of other medications. Jo Irwin, president of the Bucks County SPCA, says, "I'm against any pre-race medication that could mask pain and thus remove a horse's natural, God-given sense of pain." And she snorts at horsemen who say conditions require that their valuable horses be given Bute to enable them to perform up to their capabilities. "This means they have lame horses that can't race without drugs," she says. Many anti-Bute people say horses should be given hay, oats and water—and nothing else. That, in the current racing climate, is a pipe dream.

Ironically, in the main the problem is that, while horses may be bred to race, they aren't built for it. Their hooves have to withstand a ton of pressure per square inch while racing. This has caused Dr. Joseph C. O'Dea, writing in the *Thoroughbred Record*, to wonder whether "we are creating a racing machine which has too big a 'motor,' too big an energy output to be handled by the 'undercarriage.'" Beyond this, horses get bumped, step in holes, or on another horse's heels and hooves are thrown off balance. It's no play ground out there. Bute or no.

At Pimlico the other afternoon veterinarian Kenneth Fox said, "Bute does not put a horse in a euphoric state. It's like a temporary patch on a tire. The real problem is that racing has a detrimental effect on horses. The proof is that you seldom see them break down in a pasture. Meanwhile, back home in Bowie, Rudy Turcotte is still hurting badly. He is not convinced about Bute's value and submits there are two things that are certain in this life. "There will always be enough horses to race and enough people to bet."

END

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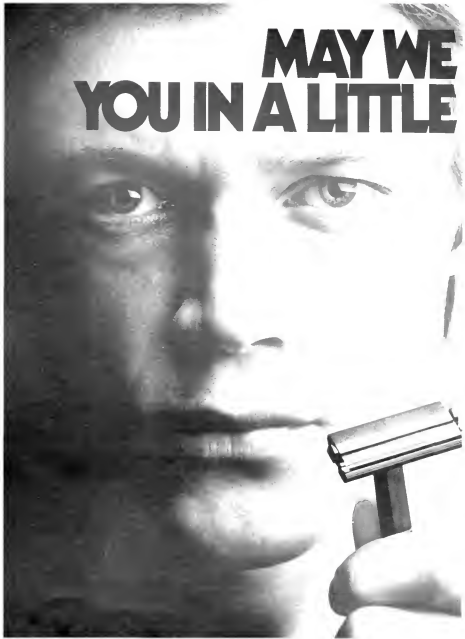
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ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE— OR, IN THIS CASE, FROM THEM

With its two-man crew pedaling and cranking like mad, *White Lightning* broke through the 50-mph barrier to win the Human-Powered Speed Championships

by SARAH FLEGG

As the clear sky of a May morning began to lighten over Southern California and the San Bernardino Mountains emerged from their nighttime silhouettes, a stream of uncommon people and vehicles moved through the gates of the Ontario Motor Speedway. The light grew, shadows became shapes—an ant-eater, a chicken without legs, a gliding tea cozy, a cockroach on wheels. The Fourth International Human-Powered Speed Championships were about to begin, and each shape, however primitive, was someone's solution to a problem that has long plagued man—how best to slice through the wind and leave it relatively undisturbed.

Stick your head out the window of a car going 50 mph; the force of the wind in your face will give you an idea of what the engineers and athletes who designed and pedaled the vehicles at Ontario were up against. Now, pull your head back and consider that while the average American automobile can produce 200 horsepower for as long as its fuel holds out, the average American college athlete, fueled most likely by tacos and beer, is capable of about half a horse, and that for only a short period.

Jan Russell, a 28-year-old Los Angeles architect, and Butch Stinton, 26, the owner of a bike shop in California's Simi Valley, are cycling sprinters, weekend competitors who train some 300 miles every week. Together they form a cham-

pion Southern California racing team. Two weeks ago Russell, a tall blond who does for rimless eyeglasses what Prince Charles does for ears, and Stinton, a sturdy 200-pounder with flaming red hair and mustache, found themselves in a new kind of partnership. They were the "engine" that powered *White Lightning*, a vehicle designed by Tim Brummer, Don Guichard and Chris Dreike. The three young engineers from Northrop University in Inglewood, Calif. had devised a supine-recumbent tandem tricycle entirely enclosed in a 20-foot-long lightweight streamlined box, or fairing, made of honeycombed Nomex sandwiched between two layers of epoxy-impregnated fiber glass and coated with "a thin candy shell, like an M&M." The entire vehicle—frame, fairing, wheels and all—weighed only 75 pounds.

The Northrop engineers had worked nights and weekends for months, with three goals in mind. They intended to break the world record of 49.93 mph over 200 meters. They hoped to be the first to exceed 55 mph for 200 meters and thereby win the \$2,500 Abbott Prize for surpassing the national speed limit in a human-powered vehicle. And they wanted to "show everybody," especially the student designers from Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, who had similar intentions.

On the first weekend in May the huge Ontario Motor Speedway, normally host

to such noisy, gaseous, piston-driven entertainments as the California 500, was overgrown with weeds and seemed deserted, with a crowd of only a thousand or so to kick up the dust. Pickups, vans, campers and U-Hauls streamed through the gates and disgorged their freight of cyclists, inventors and ecologists onto the speedway infield. Tinkers tinkered and kibitzers kibitzed. Cyclists pedaled up a sweat on training rollers, and children on skateboards glided among the grown-ups. Dreike, 24, the electronics specialist on the Northrop team, was applying heat from his sister's hair dryer to the Plexiglas windshield of *White Lightning*, hoping to keep it from fogging up.

The vehicle to beat here in the single-rider class was Paul Van Valkenburgh's *Aeroshell II*, whose wind resistance had been reduced by streamlining to an almost unmeasurable .9 pound at 25 mph. "Human-powered vehicles can make a major contribution to solving problems of petroleum consumption," said Van Valkenburgh, until 10 years ago a designer of racing cars for General Motors.

"You have probably read that the bicycle is the most efficient means of transportation. We can double that efficiency with the most basic aerodynamic principles. At the same time we can enclose the rider, keep him warm and dry and even protect him in case of accident."

As it turned out, the protection factor in Van Valkenburgh's design was tested several times at Ontario. *Aeroshell II*, with Olympic cyclist Ralph (The Horse) Thermo at the pedals and hand cranks, crashed twice. But no blood was spilled and no ambulance summoned, though

continued

Taped within their 75-pound contraptions are Jan Russell and Butch Stinton, who powered it to victory. For some hot-hot competition, turn page





Therno had been traveling briskly with only cardboard, contact paper and a clear molded material called butyrate between him and the tarmac.

In spite of its misfortunes, Aeroshell's first run, timed at 48.21 mph, held up for two days and won the \$1,000 first prize in the single-rider class, but the disappointment in the Van Valkenburgh camp was palpable. He and his crew had devoted approximately 500 hours to the project and had had every reason to anticipate at least 52 mph.

Meanwhile, in the multiple-rider category, *White Lightning* was performing as if greased. Its first run, 49.65 mph, made it clear that not only was the 50-mph barrier going to be broken, but also that 55 mph and the Abbott Prize were not out of the question.

The sun had hardly warmed the morn-

ing air on Saturday before Russell and Stinton had sped through the time trap at 50.21 mph and a voice on a loudspeaker was shouting, "Ladies and gentlemen, you have just witnessed history!" But Russell and Stinton knew they could go faster. Their on-board speedometer had indicated that they were still accelerating as they went through the trap. By beginning their sprint earlier, they felt they would reach their optimum speed going in and be able to maintain it for the necessary eight-plus seconds.

On Sunday morning the air was dead still as the qualifiers—those timed at at least 40 mph on Saturday—bustled to get ready for the 7 a.m. start. Matt Rawdon, "ace bike mechanic," from Lil' Henry's bike shop in Riverside, was trying to shrink the heat-sensitive fairs on his *Iron Bustard* to an even tighter fit. "Of all the vehicles expected to go fast, this is the most crude," he observed of the *Bustard*, which Nellie Randolph, part owner of Lil' Henry's, added was made of half a Motohvac, parts of a Peugeot and a Colnago and "my favorite curtain rods." In spite of the 105 pounds all this added up to, the *Bustard* tandem went 48.26 mph and finished third in the multiple-rider category.

By a chain-link fence, Dr. Chester Kyle, professor of mechanical engineering at Cal State Long Beach, pumped up the tires of his *Teledyne*, preparatory to making the first run of the day. Kyle is a founder of the event and the enthusiasts behind the International Human-Powered Vehicle Association, a 4-year-old organization that already has vice-presidents for land, air and water, though none





yet for stationary power production, such as pedal-powered television. As he says, "Anything that goes, goes."

Out about a mile away from the timing area, White Lightning was ready for its first run. As it glided around the turn and into the straightaway, Stinton's muffled voice could be heard yelling at Russell, "Just get us down there straight, man!" And at 7:30 a.m. the Northrop machine broke its own record with a speed of 52.20 mph. At 8:43 a.m. it broke it again, going 53.45 mph.

With only one more shot at 55 mph and the Abbott Prize, things grew a little tense. One of the crew members lay on the ground spraying the bottom of the vehicle with Lemon Pledge and wiping it off. Tim Brummer detached a brake from the rear rider's position to lighten the load. Finally, at 9:40 a.m., Russell and Stinton were in place and the fairing sealed. Other crews chanted "Fifty-five! Fifty-five!" as the Northrop machine glided by, gathering speed into the turn. Then there was silence as it moved out of sight. Seconds passed.

"Oh, no!" somebody shouted. "The timer broke!"

Gradually word filtered back from the timing area. "And they had 56 on their speedo all the way through!"

There was some debate as to who should break the news to Russell and Stinton, who, being sealed up, presumably did not yet know. They did by the time they had made the full circle back to the start, and said they would be ready to try again in half an hour.

But they couldn't pull it off a second time. Their legs were tired, the wind was



up, the tension was down. They managed a very creditable 54.43 and called it a day, the winner by 3.7 mph.

On Sunday afternoon Paul McCready, designer of the celebrated Gossamer Condor, sat in the open door of his van. The Condor now hangs in the Smithsonian, next to the Spirit of St. Louis, and McCready is the man to put the Human-Powered Speed Championships into historical perspective. "Nothing has been done here today that could not have been done in 1915 if the Wright brothers had been motivated toward human-powered flight," he said.

But it was a winter for a motor sports magazine. Pat Bedard, who best described the attraction of the event. As he says, "There is something terribly appealing about finding out 'what'll she do' when the she is you."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER



For which the clue was. . . No, agonize with those who got down (and across) to it at the crossword puzzle tournament by LEWIS GROSSBERGER

THEY ANSWERED DEGAULLE OF THE WILD

Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . Start your pencils," said Will Shortz, and 161 pieces of paper were simultaneously flopped over with an awesome rustle. Then the lead flew.

Crossword puzzling had finally come out of the closet as a competitive event. Yet another once-private act, committed mainly by consenting addicts in the seclusion of their folded newspapers, had been unblushingly exposed. Here was a pack of admitted letterheads gone fully

public in a hotel ballroom in Stamford, Conn. on a recent weekend, turning their cloistered striving into open, intercerebral warfare.

Oddly, the First Annual American Crossword Puzzle Tournament, as a banner proclaimed it, was conceived by a puzzle dad. Mike Dolan has never been able to complete a New York Times crossword (the American standard of excellence). But as the director of marketing for the Stamford Marriott, he did have a new hotel to fill on weekends. Luckily, he had once been a commuter to New York and he remembered the in-



tensity in the faces of the crossword-crazed riders as they attacked their morning papers.

Inquiry unearthed an authentic grid pro right in the neighborhood. This was Will Shortz, a mild, mustachioed 25-year-old who holds, from Indiana University, the nation's only known bachelor of enigmatology degree. Shortz, who has sold hundreds of puzzles and is writing his first puzzle book, listened to Dolan's idea and was game. He commissioned new crosswords from five constructors he knew and worked up a scoring system that would reward both accuracy and speed. He also brought in five friends to help officiate, members of a group of local puzzlemakers called the Fairfield County Puzzlers.

Newspaper ads enticed 161 hard-core gridfillers, most of them curious to test their talent against opposition after years of hosing alone.

"Like most people here I came with an inflated ego and arrogance," said Dr. Alvin Newman, an American gastroenterologist living in Toronto, whose idea of a good puzzle was "one where they don't use too many three-toed sloths [and] hanging from trees." He was awarded a bottle of champagne as the solver who had come farthest. Actually, he started for Stamford from even farther away than Toronto—he was vacationing in Guatemala when he spotted the ad in the Times. "I like being with these eccentric, kindred spirits," Newman reflected in the puzzle room. "But they're not really as eccentric as I thought they'd be."

The contestants, who were just about evenly divided between men and women, ranged in age from 15 to 69 and for the most part were white, middle-aged and middle-class. By and large they were strictly amateurs, though an esomely dedicated ones. Eleonor Cassidy of Fairfield, Conn., who has been doing crosswords since she was eight, says her six children were quick to learn that "You don't disturb Mommy on Sunday mornings till she finishes the Times puzzle."

There were also some pros who had sold puzzles of their own to publications. The puzzle editor of a games magazine was there also the finished near the bottom, as was the editor of a cross-

word dictionary. And there was 15-year-old Mike Miller, a 10th-grader who teaches a course in advanced puzzling ("for someone who's ready to move on to British and diagramless puzzles") at Manhattan's New School. "I don't really expect to win," said Mike. "I came here as a vacation from exams." He wound up far out of the money.

They all got down (and across) to serious square-stuffing at 3 p.m. Saturday, after Dolan had pointed out the location of the electric pencil sharpener and wished them a hearty "May the best puzzler win." The solvers ratiocinated at long tables, separated from each other by yellow cardboard dividers, in an utterly silent and tense atmosphere that reminded almost everyone of College Board exams. Heavy smoke ascended and a big clock ticked off the seconds.

The rules were simple. One point for each letter correctly filled in. One bonus point for each minute the solver finished ahead of the time limit. No reference works. No cheating. Legibility required. Ink permissible for anyone arrogant or

foolhardy enough to use it. The five officials patrolled the room in striped referee shirts, ready to whistle down offenders. But no one even tried to cheat, though there was plenty of temptation, from One Down in Puzzle No. 1, "Oatmeal cake in Scotland" (farfl, through 56 Down, "acuminate") (hone).

After being battered by the afternoon's stint—four puzzles of increasing size and time limit (from 15 to 45 minutes)—the contestants came out bemoaning their inadequacies. Despite that, many were back after supper for more word games—but this time extracurricular ones, for entertainment only.

What is the essence of crossword talent? Different puzzlers give different answers. Some, like the school librarian who eventually finished third, say that what it takes is a mind full of trivia. Shortz, the certified enigmatologist, adds to that persistence and a sense of playfulness. Dr. Newman, the stomach man, has another view. "What you're really doing is trying to coordinate your thinking process with the person's who con-

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CROSSWORDS continued

structed the puzzle," he says. "The words in the puzzle are always the same. It's the clues that change."

There was a dazzling display of such mind-aligning ability at the Saturday evening fun-and-games session, when Shortz and his crew asked the solvers to guess various movie and play titles. They were first shown blank spaces representing the number of letters in the title; the missing letters were then inserted one at a time until somebody guessed the answer. One man correctly identified *Mourning Becomes Electra* with only the "t" showing. Another got *I Am a Camera* with just the blanks showing. "Terrifying," said one official.

The contestants also got a lecture. It came from one of their tormentors, Maura Jacobson, who was the constructor of Puzzle No. 4. "I apologize if I caused anyone any frustration," she said, and proceeded to discourse on the nuts and bolts of composing crosswords. Two of her main problems: symmetry, an esthetic tradition demanded by puzzle editors, and taboos. "We can't use diseases," she said. "It's a game and we're trying to make people happy. We don't use brand names or sex or bodily functions." It's a trial to be denied the use of "uric," she confided. And she admitted what all solvers already knew in their hearts—that when she gets stuck in those dread corners, she goes right for her obscure reference shelf. "I have Italian and Spanish dictionaries and atlases," she said. "I have encyclopedias with the lakes in Finland. All the words you hate."

After the fun and games, the solvers retired to rest before the Sunday finale. But not the Shortz people. They had 644 crossword puzzles to correct before morning and it turned out they had underestimated the workload. They were up all night. "It took an unbelievable amount of time," said Shortz, "particularly that third puzzle by Jack Luzzatto."

Constructors, it seems, often have recognizable individual styles. Maura Jacobson, for instance, leans to thematic, groin-inducing puns. Her No. 4 featured twisted movie and book titles. The solution to "Sex on the reservation," for instance, was "Lust of the Mohicans," and that for "French Tarzan's adventures" was "De Gaulle of the Wild."

Luzzatto, a former gag writer from the

Bronx who's been puzzling for 50 years or so, cooked up a stew of arcane long words and short witticisms that left slews of solvers writhing when the clock ran out on Puzzle No. 3. He hit them mercilessly with "Scurrag battle flags" (oriflammes), "Andalusian dance with canteenets" (cachuchas), "Paleozoic marine arthropod" (trilobite) and the outrageous "Greek festival maidens with baskets on their heads" (canephori). Perhaps even harder to cope with were his devilish short takes. A three-letter word meaning "the old West" turned out to be Mae "Disease that took to the air" was flu. "College girl" called for Alma "Hell of a fellow" meant Pluto.

All this was no accident, Shortz had asked Luzzatto for an especially hard puzzle. "He's definitely one of the best constructors," Shortz said, "and he is a master at interlock. He has more wide-open white spaces than almost any other constructor, which is a real art." It was an art that was as hard on the scorers as on the puzzled puzzlers, because it took time to count all the blanks.

Another problem Shortz and his people did not foresee was the "e" dodge. Some solvers, finding time running out, desperately plugged all their remaining gaps with "e's" hoping some of them would be good for points. You don't need to be a word cognoscente to know that "e" is the most-used letter in English.

The sore-eyed scorers managed to post the standings before the 10 a.m. Sunday starting time for the fifth and final puzzle. The front-runner was Nancy Schuster, a Queens housewife with some construction work to her credit; she had sold several puzzles, including one to the *Sunday Times*. Mrs. Schuster had been letter perfect on three of the four Saturday puzzles. This brought gasps, applause and cries of "Stand up," when Shortz announced her feat just before counting down to Puzzle No. 5.

That one, an hour-limit, 23 x 23 grid, contained a complete luncheon, running across five separate horizontal lines. Those lucky enough to solve it had:

WHENASTUDIOHEADINBELAIR
WASTOLD BYAVAMPINHISLAIR
DONTGIVEMLANYMOREBRANDY
JUSTALCONTRACTHATSANDY
HESPELDILYGAVERTHEAIR

—continued

I want low tar. But taste is a must.

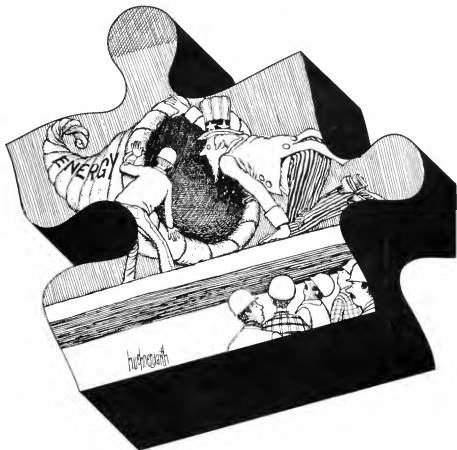
I wanted less tar. But not less taste.
I found Winston Lights. I get the low tar numbers
I want, and the taste I like. If it wasn't for
Winston Lights, I wouldn't smoke.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

**Sensible energy policies will
steelworkers working. (And a**



**A sensible national energy policy:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.**

help keep lot of other Americans, too.)

While Washington fiddles, energy crisis follows energy crisis. The oil-embargo days of 1973-74. The devastating winter of 1976-77. The coal strike of 1977-78.

All resulted in shortages of energy and in genuine hardships: plant and business closings, people out of work.

Despite all these crises, Washington still has not taken realistic action to encourage increased domestic energy supplies.

Our concern: steel is especially vulnerable

The steel industry uses about five to six percent of the nation's supply of energy each year—largely coal, oil, natural gas, and purchased electric power. Only a few industries use more.

As a result, steel is one of the first to suffer from sharp or extended cutbacks in any one of those energy sources—in reduced production, job losses, even plant shutdowns.

Conservation is not a cure-all

Even back in the days of cheap energy, Bethlehem's energy bills were enormous. Today, they're astronomical. In the past six years, our cost for energy has gone up 280%! So it's no wonder we're always trying to conserve every possible BTU.

Thanks to advances in technology and in conservation, our industry's energy consumption to

make a ton of steel has dropped dramatically—from over 40 million BTUs in the 1950s to close to 30 million BTUs today, a decrease of almost 25%. Technology and conservation do work. But they can't save enough to meet America's growing energy needs.

More U.S. energy production needed

Greater production of domestic energy supplies is an issue that impacts directly on steel's profitability and growth. Such an expansion would spur the economy and provide and protect jobs. For these reasons, America needs thoughtful, sensible energy policies.

By sensible, we mean policies that permit the marketplace to determine the development of new supplies of energy...to distribute

those supplies for most efficient use...to price those supplies so that all energy users share equitably in the cost.

Specifically, we endorse enactment of legislation to achieve:

- All practical forms of conservation.
- Deregulation of natural gas.
- Greater reliance on coal.
- Expansion of safe, large-scale nuclear power to replace oil and gas for generating electricity.

Tell Washington to act now

If you believe America needs a national energy policy now, tell that to your representatives in Washington.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation,
Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem 
In search of solutions.

TODAY A 2 YEAR OLD
DATSUN 280-Z IS WORTH MORE
THAN ITS ORIGINAL PRICE.*

IT'S A FUEL-INJECTED INVESTMENT.

1978 DATSUN 280-Z. The first thing that grabs you is that long, sloping aerodynamic hood. The paint looks multi-layered deep. Liquid. Gleaming. You open the door and slip behind the wheel...and listen to the door close with the comforting thud of taut quality.

Before you is a fully-instrumented cockpit. Switches. Gauges. Controls to obey your every whim. Beneath you is a racing-bred animal, electronic fuel-injection, rack and pinion steering—dedicated to pure driving adventure.

You are in our masterpiece. The Datsun 280-Z. You take off and feel the instant thrust of the powerful six-cylinder overhead cam engine. You corner, sure and flat, with the instant thrust of the suspension, and radials biting the road. You switch up the power antenna, flip on

the stereo, relax in the reclining bucket, and with just a touch of your toe, marvel to the instant response of fuel-injected fury. Yet all these performance and luxury features are standard equipment on your Datsun 280-Z.

You see, at Datsun we can get very passionate about a fine automobile. The 280-Z is our finest. We built it strong enough, fast enough, beautiful enough and affordable enough to make it the most popular sports car in the world.

Buy one now. It could be the most exhilarating investment you'll ever make.
In 2 or 4 seater.



NOBODY DEMANDS MORE FROM A DATSUN
THAN DATSUN.

DATSUN WE ARE DRIVEN

Source: Kelley Blue Book retail price, basic car, compared with manufacturer's suggested retail price. Prices vary according to conditions and equipment. **Transmission:** standard 4 speed, automatic or 5 speed optional.

On and on they lettered, these participants in a possibly semihistoric event: Would Stamford go down as the Cooperstown of modern competitive crosswording? Probably not. There have been puzzle derbies in Great Britain for years. On the other hand, American crosswords and the eccentric British version are as dissimilar as baseball and cricket. And who knows what the Cyrillic-alphabet nations may have invented along these same lines? Also, there is a clam from the past.

The past attended in the person of venerable Margaret Farrar, octogenarian *grande dame* of puzzledom, who introduced the *Times* puzzles and edited them from 1942 to 1969, launching the careers of many constructors. "This is where I came in," she said, rising to address the solvers at their postpuzzle banquet. "In 1925 we put on a lot of crossword tournaments." Farrar reminisced about speed contests held on blackboards in the old John Wanamaker department store, one of which attracted the poet Stephen Vincent Benet.

Then she announced the 1978 winner. It was Mrs. Schuster, who received a silver bowl and \$125, the second- and third-place winners got \$50 and \$25, respectively, and bowls, too.

Mrs. Schuster was immediately accosted by reporters and TV cameras and asked to reveal her secrets for puzzle solving. A lefty who works the grids wearing gloves, she handled the questions with aplomb, confessing that she had come "to see how good I was, I guess. It's just a lark." Her husband had bought a ticket to attend the banquet, she said, only after the morning standings showed she could win if she held her lead.

And it was over. Natty a crossword had been heard. Mike Dolan said he was looking forward to the second annual Will Shortz said, "I think this is a fantastic collection of brainpower" and allowed that he wouldn't be very surprised if the phenomenon spread. It could. There are many apt locales in which crossword buffs would feel at home—the solvers at the first championships had just uncovered such potential tournament sites as Aydin (western Turkish city), Adak (island of the Aleutians) or just about any town on the banks of the beautiful Lede (African river).

END



"That's for my Chivas Regal."

Swift and Sure

Pennants and flags flying in a forest of masts and rigging, the boats inside British Columbia's Victoria Harbor are assembled for the start of the Swiftsure Lightship Classic, a 136-mile race in which fierce tides in the Strait of Juan de Fuca can sweep a boat backward and Pacific swells can cut off the wind. But, as the pictures on the following pages show, for all its perils the race offers a glorious panorama of full spinnakers against a never-to-be-forgotten setting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE





Bunched at Race Rocks (above), three yachts head for the Pacific; below, two sail home. Victoria's breakwater

(above, right) serves as a grandstand, and gorse-covered Vancouver Island provides a backdrop for the fleet





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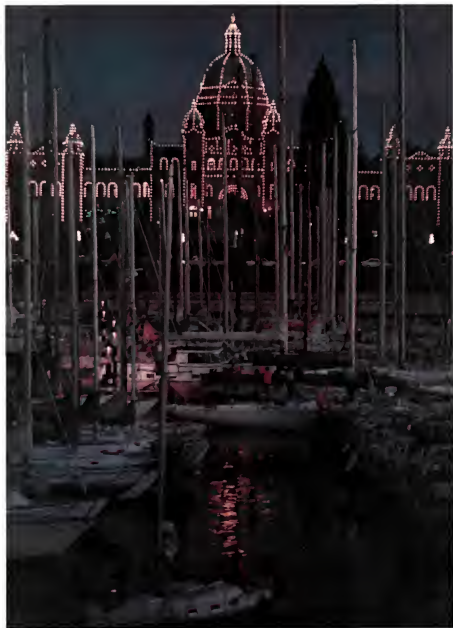
Massed spinnakers pull lustily at the downwind start of the Swiftsure





Homeward bound, Hainhausen reaches past the lofty Olympic Mountains.





An Inside Strait

... and an outside rush into the rolling swells of the Pacific mark the Swiftsure Lightship Classic, in which the sailors find that the tides wait for no man

A ny sailor who has ever hoisted a spinnaker in competition has a dream race. A fair wind fills his sails and foam shears past the bow as his boat cuts cleanly through the sea. Sunshine warms him and beautiful scenery enchants him. Well, most of the time: occasionally storms stand the boat on end and the cold cuts to his bones. But the racing fleet is top quality and the course is demanding, making his eventual victory (this is a dream, remember) all the sweeter. Across the finish line lies a pleasant port where the sailor can drink and be merry among good companions.

Next weekend there is a race—a real race, the annual Swiftsure Lightship Classic—that could fulfill the most demanding sailor's dreams. The 136-mile event is wild and wet, for the course runs from Victoria, B.C. on the southeast corner of Vancouver Island, through the Strait of Juan de Fuca and 15 miles out into the Pacific, then returns to Victoria. Though the lightship that once marked the ocean entrance is gone, the spirit that spawned the first Swiftsure nearly half a century ago survives. In 1930, the organizers declared, "The object of the race is to encourage . . . the ownership and racing of cruising yachts of wholesome type, capable of an open-sea venture, in which winds from fresh to half-gale force may be expected."

But the Swiftsure is more than a rugged test of boat and crew: its spectacular setting makes it one of the most picturesque. After leaving Victoria and skirting Race Rocks, the fleet enters the hazardous, rock-edged Juan de Fuca channel, named for the shadowy figure who was presumably a Greek navigator voyaging under a phony Spanish name. He claimed to have discovered the strait in 1592 while searching for the Northwest Passage. To the north lies the stark, lonely shore of Canada, with desolate beaches, high banks and cliffs fringed with Douglas fir, red cedar and Sitka spruce. To the south, 15 miles across the strait, lies the

state of Washington and its snow-topped Olympic Mountains, whose jagged ridges rise above the lush green of the heavily forested coastline. The mountains loom over the fleet throughout the 50-mile passage in the strait.

The prevailing wind blows off the ocean, light in the morning, building throughout the afternoon, then fading at sunset. "Usually the wind is right on the nose all the way out," says Sunny Vynne, a Seattle sailor who managed *Intrepid's* America's Cup campaign in 1974. "Then it becomes a chute ride on the westerly coming home. But you can never really count on the pattern." Last year, for instance, an easterly was blowing at the Saturday morning start and spinnakers were carried past the dangerous Race Rocks. In the early afternoon, the wind faded, became a westerly and was shifty much of the night. "They haven't had a so-called standard Swiftsure for several years," says Alan Holt of Seattle, winner of the 1976 race in his 30-foot *Ladybug*. The 1977 winner was *Kanata*, a red-hulled, 41-foot sloop designed and sailed by Vancouver's Vladimir Plavsic. Like Plavsic, the majority of the skippers and crews in the race are from the Vancouver-Washington region.

Still, if the Swiftsure can be a dream race, it can also turn into a nightmare, as happened two years ago. Winds of 45 knots and 20-foot seas tossed the 222 racing boats around the course; several of the yachts were dismasted and 62 failed to finish. A Columbia 30, *Native Dancer*, disabled after a huge wave smashed her rudder, lost her skipper and a crewman overboard. The crewman managed to swim ashore, but the skipper drowned. The boat was hurled onto a deserted beach on Vancouver Island and the rest of the crew was rescued the next morning by a Canadian Armed Forces helicopter. The Swiftsure has been called "mile for mile the toughest race in North American sailing," and with justice.

Even when the weather behaves and the sun shines, strong tides pull through the strait and boats frequently have to drop anchor to keep from being dragged

by JULIE LAMB

backward. "By Race Rocks the tide is tricky and can run five or six knots," says Gordon Nickells, former commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, which sponsors the Swiftsure. "You can actually see the difference in the elevation of the water. When the tide is flooding you can see that the water is higher outside Race Rocks than inside."

If the tide doesn't get you, the huge swells in the Pacific will. "The last 10 or 15 miles to the ocean mark can be very rough," says Bates McKee, a Swiftsure veteran from Seattle. "The swells are big enough so you're actually blanketed in the troughs. You go dead each time you go down. You slam once in the trough and come back up and sail another 10 feet and go down again. It also can get incredibly cold out in those Pacific rollers in the middle of the night when you haven't enough wind to work with. Seasickness comes easily." Add mischievous winds, abruptly wheeling from east to west and ranging from a zephyr to a gale, and you have the basic elements of a Swiftsure. "The unpredictability and the sudden changes—that's the challenge of this race," says Humphrey Golby, curator of the Victoria Yacht Club, who has seen just about every Swiftsure.

No matter what the weather, most of the boats can count on finishing on Sunday in time for tea and crumpets at Victoria's staid Empress Hotel, a proud outpost of England. After suffering the numbing cold and seasickness, many sailors vow never to return. But they usually do. The memory of those tricky tides and brutal ocean rollers fades while the image of bright spinnakers against a pine-fringed shore and snow-crowned Mount Olympus endures. The race is an addiction: the size of the fleet has grown almost every year since the '50s. Next weekend, with the added attraction of the Victoria-to-Maui race, which follows the Swiftsure every other year and draws internationally known yachts to the region, the size of the Swiftsure fleet will set yet another record.

Race over, the fleet nestles below the provincial parliament buildings

END

ADDING LINKS TO THE ANCHOR CHAIN



THE MORE DESKS THE MERRIER FOR ABC'S ROONE ARLEDGE

It seems that Boone Arledge is at it again, multiplying announcers. As everybody knows, Arledge has been the president of ABC Sports for an eon, going back to the days when Chris Schenkel was a household name. He has been so successful in this endeavor that ABC not long ago placed him in charge of its worst-begone news division as well. Since his ascension from sweatshop, I have waited anxiously to see what elements of sports broadcasting Arledge would bring to the news.

I confidently expected he would start off by draping Barbara Walters in a crested grapefruit-colored blazer and then assigning her a "color anchorman." This fellow would be an ex-politician, preferably a homespun foil for the civified Walters (I had in mind either Sam Ervin or Vinegar Bend Mizell.) And then, I was sure, Arledge would start buying up news rights. If ABC Sports can achieve glory by purchasing the rights to the Olympics, certainly ABC News can do the same by buying the rights to the Senate. Oh sure, constitutional quibblers would raise a lot of who-shoot-John about the First Amendment. But for goodness sake, let's look on the bright side. The poor Senators have been embarrassed to death about having the public coffers for a pay raise, but with ABC rights money, the Senate would have millions to cut up 100 ways, and it wouldn't cost John Q. Taxpayer a dime. If our Senators were get-

ting paid as much as professional basketball players, do you think they would bother any longer with accepting walk-around money from Koreans or putting mistresses on the public payroll? Of course not. TV money has made basketball honest, and we could expect it to serve as the basis for similar moral uplift for our Senators.

But Arledge has failed me. I expected him to put on a little prime-time legislation after the football season. Monday Night Senate? At the very least

he could have found time on Saturday afternoons for a subcommittee or two. Didn't Supervisors and Demolition Derby start that way? And from there the other networks would have joined in the hunt: CBS INKS COURT NINE TO LONG-TERM PACT, NBC SIGNS SECURITY COUNCIL FOR SIX SPECIALS. (The poor Cabinet, as always, wouldn't get a nibble. It would probably have to settle for a delayed-tape syndication deal, playing Sunday mornings on a lot of UHF stations.)

But instead Arledge has multiplied announcers again. No longer will there be an ABC anchor duo. Now there is a whole anchor corps. In Cosell, Meredith and Gifford. In fact, it's more than a corps, it's a slave, and a better one than the New York City Democrats could put together: one WASP (Frank Reynolds) in Washington; one immigrant (Peter Jennings) in London; one woman (Walters) in New York; and one black (Max Robinson) in Chicago. The victory of style over substance is more complete in news than it ever was in sports.

Poor news. If sports has produced any certainty in announcing, it is that the quality of an announcer's performance declines in proportion to the number of announcers on hand. Arledge fostered this swarm school of broadcasting upon us. To be fair, although Cosell vs. Meredith has long since worn threadbare, just as Archie vs. Meathead has, Cosell and Meredith initially were entertaining as the ad-

versaries in TV's first verbiage *à trois*. Nonetheless, I am convinced that they would have been even more popular, and certainly less forced, had there been only the two of them, had they been obliged to pace themselves by also attending to the housekeeping chores assigned at various times to, first, Keith Jackson and, later, Frank Gifford.

We could have endured this three-tongued monster had not all the other network lemmings followed Arledge pell-mell into the rigging surf. This was brought home to me again the other day when I happened to be switching between an NBC tennis match and a CBS basketball game. NBC employed three tennis announcers—Bud Collins, Nancy Chaffee Kinner and Jim Simpson—to expound on two people playing. And for heaven's sake, one of the commentators was Chris Evert, and the match was on clay. Collins alone could have steered us through with his wit and knowledge, but by putting Collins in with two other announcers, NBC ended up with all three churning at once. No wonder I hastened to CBS, where Brent Musburger kept trying to sort out Rick Barry and John Havlicek.

Besides paying tribute to redundancy, is there any reason to pile Havlicek upon Barry? No five-man basketball team would use two small forwards in the same lineup. Why would any sane network swamp a three-man panel that way? The result (one could almost hear the director screaming at Musburger to forget the game and identify the voices all around him) was that stultified device of using full names: "John Havlicek, what do you think?" "Thank you, Rick Barry." It began to sound like a Russian novel, where even in the moments of highest and/or people say, "Fyodor Ivanovich, kiss me."

When will Arledge, and the insecure folks at NBC and CBS who parrot him, learn that more is not better in announcing any more than it is in rabbits, superintendents, or trout houses? The best sportscasting in the land is still done by local baseball announcers, working alone (or nearly so). They are men who know their sport and don't need cosmetics or crutches. On balance, Arledge has been a positive force in TV sports, but, alas, his prime heritage is that he cheapened sportscasting, trivialized it. Now, it seems, he is going to put the same curse on the news. **END**

AMERICA TAKES TO THE HORIZON.



41/27*/\$3706**

MPG HWY MPG CITY AS SHOWN BELOW

**Base sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges.
*EPA estimates for Horizon with manual transmission without optional air conditioning and power steering.
Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and its optional equipment.



New Plymouth Horizon. People are taking it everywhere. On any kind of road, in any kind of weather, on every kind of trip. Front-wheel drive is one reason why. It gives Horizon great stability and it gives you a great feeling of confidence.

And people are taking it because Horizon can take a lot of people. Four big adults can ride in

comfort. And there's plenty of room to take all the things that people need.

Horizon gives you a lot of unexpected standard features, like front bucket seats, AM radio, whitewall radial tires, rack and pinion steering and front disc brakes.

And at \$3706. It's easy to take.



**WHEN YOU WANT TO GO ANYWHERE IN COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE.
RELAX. PLYMOUTH HORIZON CAN HANDLE IT.**



You just may save yourself some money as well! You see, we like to reward folks who take care of themselves. So our fast, fair, friendly agents offer a discount to non-smokers. If you haven't smoked for two years, you may be eligible—for

Non-Smokers save more than their health.

important savings on Life, Auto and Homeowners insurance. Check the availability of a discount in your area. For the past 50

years, we've had a growing concern for the people we serve, and our non-smokers discount is one way of showing that concern.

**FARMERS
INSURANCE
GROUP**



We have a growing concern for you.

It has taken true grit to watch baseball in Toronto this spring. The wind-chill factor has dropped below freezing, and the Blue Jays have plummeted to last place—they are already more than nine games out. Which should make the Blue Jays' ticket salesmen especially grateful that Bob Bailor is playing rightfield and centerfield and leftfield, not to mention a little third base. Bailor is a fan's dream, a player with classical skills and attitudes. As modest and self-effacing as a Hardy Boy, Bailor plays six positions in all, hits to all fields, comes to the park early, leaves late and—shades of the players of yesteryear—hunts, fishes and chews tobacco.

Taken from the Baltimore farm system in the 1976 expansion draft, Bailor excelled in the field last season (15 assists in the outfield, on the base paths (15 stolen bases) and at the plate. Despite injuries that caused him to miss 39 games and even though he divided his time between shortstop and the outfield, the 26-year-old rookie hit .310 to break Rusty Staub's 9-year-old record for the highest batting average for a player on a first-year expansion team. Using a short stroke and an open stance, Bailor made frequent and eager enough contact to record the second-fewest strikeouts (26) in the American League, he also had the second-fewest walks (17). Kansas City's Dennis Leonard, the pitcher who most consistently stopped Bailor, says, "I struck him out five times on really tough pitches, sliders that were low and away. He rarely goes after a bad pitch. He's an intelligent hitter, a good, scrappy player."

And a hard one to keep down. Late in spring training this year, Bailor rejured his right knee chasing a fly ball. After being out for 15 days, he stepped in for his first regular-season at bat, cracked a hard single and has been making contact ever since.

Even though he spent seven years in the minors, being a .300 hitter in his first major league season has had little effect on Bailor. The other night, as he sat in a Kansas City disco called The Score, Bailor drank beer, wolfed popcorn and almost never deviated from the subject of baseball.

"I'll tell you what," he said, employing a prefacing clause he uses whether he is giving directions to the bar, expounding on Nolan Ryan's fistball or,

I'll tell you what—this guy can hit

Not only that, Toronto's versatile Bob Bailor has already played six positions

presumably, discussing the possibility of nuclear attack. "I almost didn't make it." Spring in the Pennsylvania Appalachians, where Bailor's hometown of Connelville is located, is so cold that many schools did not field baseball teams. Geibel High was one of those schools, and the 5'10" Bailor made his athletic reputation there as an all-state basketball player. He did not see much future for himself in that sport, however, so he played American Legion baseball and was picked up by the Orioles in 1969 as a free agent. He remained in Baltimore's talent-heavy farm system until the Blue Jays took a liking to his statistics and came to the rescue.

Bailor is very happy with the wide open spaces of Ontario. "I'll tell you what, there were plenty of opportunities to fish and hunt around Connelville," he says. "I started doing both when I was five. The legal hunting age is 12 in Pennsylvania, but I cut it a few years. That's why I think Toronto is such a nice city. It's expensive, but there's a lot of good fishing. Southern Ontario's got salmon, and an hour north there are pike." Bailor so enjoyed the local fishing that early last season he regularly arose before dawn and headed for the lakes, spitting tobacco juice into a cup as he

drove along with the sun roof open on his Cordoba. Idyllic, yes, but tiring. "It got to be too much," he says. "I found you can't fish all day and hit all night, so I decided to quit fishing. But I still fish on off days. I caught a 20-pound salmon in Ontario, and next winter I'm going to Alberta to hunt moose. I met a guy at a banquet who invited me to go up there."

As a minor-leaguer, Bailor had the reputation of a man who could hit as well as he could fish, and that gave him self-assurance during his rookie season in Toronto. "I had always batted .280, .290, .300," he says, "so I began to figure why not?"

There were lots of reasons why not. By May 25 last year Bailor had suffered a cut hand, a pulled hamstring and a bruised back. But he also was leading the league with a .387 average. On Aug. 21, he was hitting .320 (he had three four-hit games and 12 three-hit games in 1977 and once scored from first base on a single). Then he sprained his knee in a collision with Dave Chalk of the California Angels. Bailor missed the next four weeks of play and tailed off a bit when he came back near the end of the season, dropping out of the Top Ten hitters' list for the first time since May

continued



when he grounded out on his last at bat of the year.

Despite his .310 season, Butler does not see himself as a fixture in the big leagues just because of his bat. He played shortstop, second, third and all three outfield positions and even pitched during his first year in the minors, and he thinks versatility is still his strong point. Although he has been used mostly in the outfield this season, he has already filled in, errorlessly, for nine games at third. "I'll tell you what," he says, "down the line when they need a player, they've got me."

In Toronto, they need him.

THE WEEK

May 7-11

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST More and more, Jim Rice of Boston (5-11), who leads the majors in homers with 11 and is batting .363, is becoming the most-feared batter in the league. Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog tried to stop Rice by mashing four outfielders against him, putting Third Baseman Jerry Terrell in leftfield and shifting Second Baseman Frank White to third. "What I'd like is a couple guys on top of the fence in left," Herzog said. After Jim Colborn of the Royals plunked Rice with a pitch in the fifth inning in Boston, the Red Sox slagger stalked to the mound and had a few words with the pitcher. Colborn later said, "When I saw him coming, I thought I might become Rice-A-Roni." What Colborn did become was a 4-3 loser. Rice made sure of that when he came up in the seventh and tugged a Colborn pitch so far that it could not have been caught even if a couple of Royals had been stationed on top of the fence. Rice's clout sailed far over Fenway's screen for his fourth hit in six at bats against Herzog's oversifted outfield. Mike Torrez was a two-time winner, stifling Chicago 3-0 and Minnesota 4-2 as the Red Sox moved into first place.

After almost a month atop the East, the Tigers (11-21) fell back as their bullpen repeatedly failed to hold leads. Milt Wilcox was the only Detroit pitcher who did not have to be bailed out, hurling a five-hitter to down Oakland 4-0.

Catfish Hunter of New York (3-1) has endured a great deal in the past few seasons: arm trouble, a ballooning ERA, and the news that he had diabetes, as well as his teammates' practice of kidding him about his proclivity for giving up homers (Centerfielder Mickey Rivers once strapped an umpire's chest protector to his back before a game in which

Hunter was to pitch). But Catfish, who started the week with a 7.20 ERA, finally had reason to feel better, allowing only one single in six innings as he and Reliever Sparky Lyle curbed the Twins 3-1. Further cheering the Yankees were four innings of hitless relief by Rich Gossage and a 12th-inning homer by Chris Chambliss in a 3-2 defeat of the Rangers.

Cleveland (4-1) reached .500 and bumped Milwaukee (1-6) out of fourth place. Mike Vail's single in the ninth gave the Indians a 5-4 win over the Mariners. Mike Pason was a 4-3 winner against Nolan Ryan and the Angels. Reliever Jim Kern and Rightfielder Jim Norris saved that game. Kern with strong relief and Norris with a belly-flopper catch that kept the tying run from scoring in the ninth. Milwaukee's lone win was a 6-1 conquest of Chicago in which rookie Andy Replegle tossed a five-hitter.

Jim Palmer of Baltimore (2-3) lost twice, giving up 14 hits, 11 runs and eight walks in 7½ innings. He was also slapped with a fine by General Manager Hank Peters for leaving the park before the game was over after his first shellacking. The Orioles also suffered the loss of Outfielder Al Bumbry, possibly for the season, with a dislocated left ankle and fractured fibula. On the brighter side, Mike Flanagan struck out 10 batters, and Eddie Murray swatted a two-run homer in the bottom of the ninth as the Orioles nipped the Red Sox 3-2. And Scott McGregor, retiring 16 batters on grounders, worked his way to a 5-1 victory over the Rangers.

Toronto (3-2) equaled its longest-ever winning streak with three consecutive complete-game victories to a Blue Jay record. Tom Lindeboom began the streak by taming the A's 4-0 on five hits and nine strikeouts. Jim Clancy, who "rediscovered" his fastball, then downed Oakland 3-1 with a six-hit effort. Jesse Jefferson followed with an 8-3 verdict over Seattle. Rico Carty, who batted .400, had four hits in that game, and John Mayberry wall-popped a three-run homer.

PHO 21-11 DET 17-9 NY 17-11 CLEV 14-14
MIL 13-16 BAL 12-17 TOR 11-15

AL WEST After his A's (2-3) had dropped their fourth consecutive game, owner Charlie Finley phoned Manager Bobby Winkles and told him to rearrange his lineup. Thus it was that Winkles had Mario Guerrero bat fourth, Gary Alexander seventh and Gary Thomsen ninth. Next time out the A's, who in the previous four outings had scored just one run and had only 20 hits, pounded out 16 hits and used a seven-run ninth to overhaul the Tigers 10-4. The biggest contributors to the onslaught were Guerrero, Alexander and Thomsen, who combined for eight hits and four RBIs in 11 trips to the plate. Alexander had four of those hits, including two doubles and his

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ninth home run. The next day Oakland was held hitless for seven innings by Detroit's Dave Revema, but Guerrero opened the eighth with a single. Dave Revema homered and the A's scored a third run to pull out a 3-2 win. Reliever Elias Sosa earned his fifth save that day as the surprising A's led the West by 2½ games.

Also snapping out of their slump were the White Sox (2-2). Returning to Chicago from a road trip, the Sox, who had not scored in 23 innings, were sold by Coach Larry Doby to use a batting tee to sharpen their hitting. As with Finley's phone call, the instructional device, which belongs to Catcher Bill Nahorodny, paid off. In their very first licks at home the White Sox scored three times, and Nahorodny and Lamar Johnson hit the team's first homers in five games as the Sox defeated the Twins 7-2. Johnson then slammed a three-run double to beat the Brewers 4-3 in a rain-shortened game. Although he pitched only 4½ innings before being relieved, starter Wilbur Wood was awarded the win in that game. Wood was entitled to the victory under the provisions of Rule 10.19(b), which was invoked when rain ended the game after 4½ innings.

Kansas City (2-3) picked up an unexpect-

ed win. This was the situation, two out in the bottom of the ninth, Yankees ahead 3-2, Darrell Porter on first and a 2-0 count on Amos Ous. In from the bullpen came Rich Gossage. Ous drilled Gossage's first delivery to deep right-center. Racing for the ball were Centerfielder Paul Blair and Rightfielder Reggie Jackson. Blair got his glove on the ball for what appeared to be the game-ending out. However, Jackson, lunging for the ball, cut Blair's feet from under him, and the ball popped out of the centerfielder's glove. Porter sped home and Ous followed him around the bases for an inside-the-park homer and a 4-3 Royal win. Rich Gale gained the Royals' other victory, an 8-6 battle in Milwaukee. "I haven't felt like I've turned the ball loose yet," said Gale, who was removed after 5½ innings because of a blister on his hand. "In Omaha [where Gale had been pitching until two weeks ago] they clocked my fastball at 95 to 96 mph. I haven't approached that up here."

Dick Pole of Seattle (2-3) was shaking his head after failing to become a winner despite near-perfect pitching and then becoming a winner when he pitched poorly. Against the Blue Jays, Pole retired the first 19 batters in a row before giving up a homer to Bob Baylor. He was removed from the game in the

eighth with a 5-1 lead and then watched in dismay as Toronto deprived him of the win when Rick Bosetti tied the score with a grand-slam homer. Six days later Pole was shelved for seven hits and five runs in six innings, yet wound up the winning pitcher. In both games—Seattle won the first 9-7 and the other 9-6—Outfielder Leon Roberts hit home runs for the Mariners. Roberts won the first game with a two-run drive in the eighth inning for his fifth and sixth RBIs of the game, a Seattle record.

With Ron Jackson cracking out four hits and driving in four runs and with Don Baylor slugging his eighth homer and three singles, California (2-2) romped past Cleveland 16-3. The Angels had to struggle for their other win, Ron Fairly's third hit of the game breaking a 5-5 deadlock in the eighth and setting up a 7-5 victory over the Tigers.

Rejuvenated Ferguson Jenkins of Texas (3-2) mowed down Milwaukee 7-1 with the aid of four RBIs by Al Oliver. In all, Oliver drove in nine runs during the week. Juan Beniquez, who was hitting .179 going into the game, had four hits as the Rangers whipped the Orioles 9-3.

Last-place Minnesota (1-3) had one moment of glory—a 15-9 triumph in Baltimore.

continued



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Powerting the victory were Butch Wynegar (four hits, three RBIs), Mike Cubbage (four hits, four RBIs) and Rod Carew (three RBIs).

OAK 25-9 CAL 18-11 KC 16-13 TEX 14-13
CH9-17 SEA 12-23 MINN 10-22

NL EAST Catcher Ted Simmons of St. Louis (1-3) spoke in superlatives. After Roberto Mark Little struck out eight and gave up only two hits in six innings to earn a 6-5 win in Los Angeles, Simmons said "Little has the latest-breaking slider I've ever seen. It looks so much like a fastball that it's unreal." Simmons also spoke up after Bob Forsch beat San Diego 8-4 and held the Dodgers to three hits while winning 2-0. "Right now, Forsch is the best pitcher in the whole world," Simmons said. As of that moment, Forsch led the majors in wins with six and shutouts with three. Simmons was himself superlative at the plate, hitting .500.

Manager Danny Ozark of first-place Philadelphia (1-3) had a lot to say, too. But the umpires did not appreciate the way Ozark expressed his opinions and thumbed him out of two games. Helping to soothe Ozark were Greg Luzinski (the hit, three homers), Jim Lon-

borg (the beat Houston 5-1 on a five-hitter) and Steve Carlton (he beat the Reds 4-0).

With Andre Dawson getting three homers and eight RBIs, Montreal (4-4) saved half a game behind Philadelphia. The Expos had 20 hits as they swamped the Reds 19-5, then stunned the Braves 7-6 when Gary Carter slammed a two-out, three-run homer in the ninth. Three hits were all the Braves could get as Steve Rogers won 3-0.

Although the Pirates (2-4) put their best feet forward, they stumbled into fifth place. They had started the week in Los Angeles by moving up to third with a 6-4 victory over the Dodgers, a game in which they stole eight bases while Tommy John was on the mound. The Pirates had 18 steals during the week, five by Frank Taveras (he also batted .480) and six by Omar Moreno, who leads both leagues with 20 and has been safe in his last 18 attempts. At his current pace, Moreno would finish with 112 steals, six short of Lou Brock's record of 118. A 12-strikeout, six-run effort by Bert Blyleven made him a 5-1 winner in San Francisco.

Chicago (1-3) got help from its reserves. Pinch hitter Rudy Meoli's base-loaded single in the ninth beat San Diego 4-3. Outfielder Joe Wallis homered as the Cubs decked

the Dodgers 5-2 and had a two-run triple in an 8-5 win over the Padres.

Some of the Mets' finest performances were wasted. Despite 16 hits, New York (1-4) lost 8-5 in Philadelphia. A rare double play in which the Mets nipped would-be Astro stealers at the plate and then at second base could not avert a 7-4 loss. But Nito Espinosa stopped Montreal 7-2, and Pat Zachry and Skip Lockwood held off the Expos 3-2. Left-fielder Steve Henderson made a dazzling catch in the ninth to deprive the Reds of a 3-2 win in a game the Mets won 1-2 on a 10th-inning single by Bruce Boesch.

PHIL 16-11 MONT 17-13 CHI 15-15
STL 14-17 PIT 13-16 NY 14-20

NL WEST When the young guys see a 30-year-old man sacrificing himself to help the club, they are inspired," said Manager Joe Altabelli of the Giants (5-1). What those youngsters saw was Darrell Evans barreling into Cardinal Shortstop Garry Templeton to break up a double play and allow a run to score. Duty inspired, the Giants went on to win 9-3 and take over first place. Vida Blue (5-1), who pitched that game, had earlier beaten Chicago 2-1 with

continued

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the help of two RBIs by Willie McCovey, who drove in seven runs during the week. Bill Madlock batted .409 and Evans .421.

Another veteran who helped his team with a hard slide was Pete Rose of Cincinnati (4-3). Rose crashed into Philadelphia's rookie second baseman, Jim Moenison, preventing a twin killing that would have given the Phillies a 3-2 win and causing a wild throw to first that permitted two Reds to score for a 4-3 decision.

Los Angeles (2-4) built both its wins around tight pitching. Doug Rau (5-0) stopping St. Louis 3-1 and Tommy John (5-1) trouncing Chicago 5-2, but skidded to third.

Atlanta (1-3) played for a tie against Montreal and wound up winning. With the Braves trailing the Expos 2-1 in the last of the ninth, Darrel Chaney led off with a double. Hoping to advance Chaney and the tying run to third, Jerry Royster sacrificed. Montreal Reliever Bill Atkinson scooped up the bunt and made

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LEE MAY: Baltimore's designated hitter connected for three home runs, had seven RBIs and batted .500. He finished the week by walking up his sixth and seventh homers of the season as the Orioles defeated the Rangers 5-1.

a wild throw toward first, enabling Chaney to score and Royster to reach second. Two walks loaded the bases before Brian Asselstine singled home the winning run.

After Julio Gonzalez doubled in the 14th inning of a 4-4 tie with New York, Manager Bill Virdon of Houston (3-1) would have liked to pinch-hit for Pitcher Tom Dixon. Alas, the only Astros who had not played already were pinchers. So Dixon batted, singled and made himself a 5-4 winner. J. R. Richard struck out 11 Phillies as he won 5-1.

Before pitching against Chicago, confessed greasetailer Gaylord Perry of San Diego (3-3) sent a baseball smeared with a greasy substance to Cub Manager Herman Frank. "I'll bet he has a tube of Vaseline in his warmup jacket," Frank said. To find out, Frank sneaked into the Padre dugout before the game and grabbed Perry's jacket. "See what I meant?" Frank said when he found a small tube of the stuff in a pocket. Perry pitched well, but the Cubs won 4-3. Pitching even better against Chicago was Randy Jones, who got 21 groundouts as he blanked the Cubs. 1-0. Gene Richards batted .440, raising his average 54 points to .267. And George (Silence Is Golden) Hendrick actually spoke to a reporter. Asked what pinch hit for a homer in Jones' win, Hendrick broke his lengthy silence with the media by saying, "I have no idea." Then he rushed into the shower.

SF 18-12 CIN 13-13 LA 18-13
HOUS 13-16 SD 13-17 ATL 11-18

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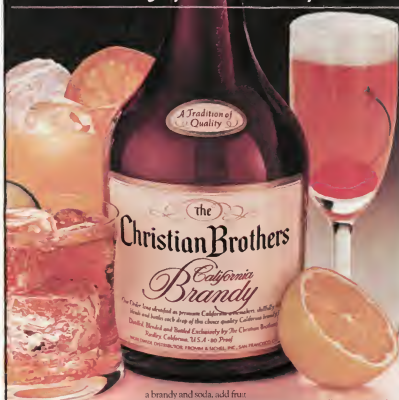
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Victor Coladonato was acting stubborn. "I ain't gonna put no suit on," he said. "Ain't even got a suit with me. You don't understand. You can't carry too much stuff in that hearse."

His friend Billy Connors got up and poured a little of the Budweiser he was drinking over the hissing steaks with all the care of a master chef adding a spoonful of Burgundy to the coq au vin. He tried gentle persuasion again. "Everybody's gonna be watching you saddling up Junior in that infield, Victor. Then you're gonna be seated in the grandstand. In a box." He looked to Pat O'Brien for support.

"I'm worried, Victor," Pat said sorrowfully. "You're gonna look a little rough out there." He turned and explained the problem to a visitor. "You know, he was wearing jeans when he went up for that Woodlawn trophy."

This was last week and the group was discussing Saturday's 103rd running of the Preakness at Pimlico. This is not a sartorial contest for trainers, but even if his friends succeeded in getting Coladonato out of his jeans and into any kind of suit, he would be no match for the urbane John Vertch, trainer of Alydar, or for the flamboyant Laz Barrera, in charge of the great Affirmed. But if Coladonato's plans to run the horse he calls Junior—more formally, Iron Legend—had worked out, he would not have been without some backing. Sentimental backing perhaps, but backing nevertheless.

Coladonato's horse—his one and only horse—which he owns as well as trains, is huge: 17 hands of dark bay colt. The sire is Iron Peg, whose stud fee was \$750 when Coladonato bred him with Jenny Legend. Recently, Victor gave Jenny Legend away. Coladonato himself just breaks five feet, and though he still has the black, lustrous, wavy hair of an idol of the silent movies and a noble moustache, his face is lined heavily by 54 knockabout years of galloping and rubbing horses on tracks all over the U.S.: a hard life diversified by construction work. Until recently when Iron Legend won the \$35,850 Woodlawn Stakes at Pimlico, scarcely anyone had heard of Coladonato or Junior, and even then their fame would hardly have gone beyond the bettors who were paid \$27.20 on the win. But then the extraordinary fact leaked out that Coladonato lived in—slept in—a converted hearse.

Coladonato has become a little defensive about his hearse. When he remembers, he calls it a van and will speak up fiercely for its eminently convenient features. He has tricked it out with chintz curtains of his own making and he has wired up a TV set to the cigarette lighter. It is a 1954 Cadillac, spawned in a year when they were still making them in the gangster look. From its original solemn black it became electric blue somewhere along the line, and Coladonato had thought of celebrating his Woodlawn win with yet another paint job. Instead, he has acquired a 1960 Cadillac convertible for roadwork—retaining the hearse for sleeping quarters—and as a hunting car. "Got to have a car big enough for my dogs," he says.

Now with a little more than a week to go to the Preakness, the, uh, van was parked under the trees that surround the barn area at Bowie in Maryland. Silhouetted against a young moon rising in the darkening sky, the old vehicle looked as if it ought to have Vincent Price at the wheel in a scarlet-lined opera cloak, but the gaiety of the little group gathered outside Iron Legend's stall soon dispelled that impression. There was Pat O'Brien, once a jockey but now the trainer of a couple of horses; Billy Connors, who exercises horses; and Jack Russell, who boxed in the old days. "We got onions, we got Italian bread, we got beans and we got steak," Pat announced, popping open more beer cans and inviting all comers to an *al fresco* supper.

Aside from the company, the stall at Bowie was a new luxury for Coladonato and his horse. Until recently Iron Legend was housed in a ramshackle building some distance from the track called Mac's Barn. No electricity, no running water. In the depths of the late hard winter, Coladonato moved his hearse closer to the manure heap for warmth. Every morning when it was feasible he and Iron Legend would weave through heavy traffic to get to the track for workouts. But Coladonato is what the Scots call a wee hard man.

That winter at Mac's Barn—Coladonato paid \$20 a month rent—almost finished off Iron Legend. His 2-year-old career had already been set back by sore shins and muscular trouble in his back. One January Sunday, Coladonato returned to discover his horse had pneumonia. His temperature went to 105°. He

Victor Coladonato's dream almost came true, but then Legend came up hurting.

A bona fide lame excuse

almost died. Iron Legend, in fact, never raced as a 2-year-old.

The privations for both horse and man were, perhaps, avoidable. "I just arrived at Bowie and put in for a stall," Coladonato recalls. "They wouldn't give me no stall, even when the racing at Bowie was over. They had a lot of accommodation sitting there, room for 200 horses. But I couldn't get one. They told me to take him to Charles Town. I was upset. They told me my horse wasn't good enough for a stall at Bowie."

And indeed, when Iron Legend made his debut less than four weeks ago, there was nothing lustrous about his performance.



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HORSE RACING *continued*

mance. He got into trouble negotiating the bends at Pimlico and though he finished third, he was relegated to fifth when the stewards concluded he had interfered with other runners. There was a happier ending two weeks later at Keystone. Iron Legend won by four lengths, only $\frac{1}{2}$ second off the track record of 1:41 for a mile and $\frac{1}{16}$. And on May 6, while more aristocratic 3-year-olds were contesting the Kentucky Derby, Iron Legend took the Woodlawn Stakes, winning \$23,302 for his owner.

Coladonato did not watch the Derby on TV. "I had work to do. I was washing Junior down when it was run," he points out indignantly. But however much he protested, it was clear that ever since he acquired Iron Legend, he has had the classics in mind.

There is heavy artillery moved for Saturday's race. Even a horse of the quality of Believe It, third in the Kentucky Derby, was an uncertain entry until last weekend. At $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles and with sharp turns, the Preakness seems to be a two-horse race between Alydar and Affirmed, with the odds heavily on the latter.

But win or lose, it would have been a great and deserved day for Coladonato when he took Iron Legend to the Preakness. Although he was eventually accorded a stall at Bowie, last Sunday he had the pleasure of vanishing his horse to Pimlico, there to share the same barn as Alydar and Affirmed. The Pimlico management, apparently realizing the media possibilities, also gave Coladonato space for his horse in front of a backstretch tombstone honoring a mongrel dog named Barney, a popular mascot that died at age 12 in 1974. Last year Seattle Slew's trailer was parked in the same spot. All of which is a long way from Mac's Barn.

At Junior's last full workout at Bowie, there were roars of encouragement from other riders as Coladonato took him to a full gallop. "Hope he kicks the hell out of all them big horses," yelled a local patriot. "Alydar and all them sons!"

It was a big hope. Monday morning Coladonato took Iron Legend for a workout at Pimlico. Something was amiss. A few days before, the colt had suffered what Coladonato thought was a minor bump in his stall. It didn't turn out to be minor and the dream ended on the Pimlico backstretch with Iron Legend unable to run full out. Minutes later, Victor Coladonato pulled him from the Preakness.

END

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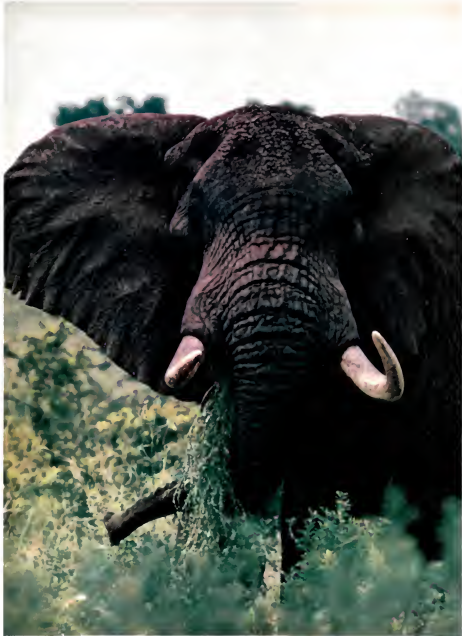
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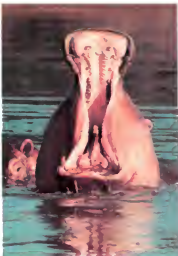
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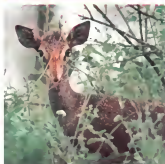
Kings & 100's





The Game Goes On

by ROBERT F. JONES





Africa

continued

a field on the outskirts of Nanyuki at one corner a garbage dump smolders behind a row of shops lining the highway; the sun pounds down through a stiff southwesterly breeze; and smoke flattens toward a hut not far away. The hut is built of old tin cans and

know we're here. When I first met him, he was a big, strong fellow with bracelets above his biceps and a wrist knife on his arm. His head was plastered with blue mud interwoven with ostrich feathers and the hair of his ancestors. He was full-grown before he ever saw a white man. Must be more than 100 years old. Now look at him." Winter shakes his head. "Na Kwasha."

The woman says she is Nyngao's granddaughter. We give her 25 shillings for milk and tobacco. Maybe it will ease the old man's departure. At the sound of our voices, he wakes. Eyes crusted with dried pus, he stares up and finally recognizes Winter. The rheumy eyes focus sharply with delight, and he rises from the blanket. He offers his hand, which feels like a faul of twigs wrapped in grease paper.

"Hobari yako, rafiki?" "How are you, friend?"

"Muri sama," the old man replies. "Very well, indeed."

As we drive away, Winter shakes his head again. "It's all finished. Bwana. In a few years it'll all be gone. The old ways, the warriors, perhaps even the game. That dying Turkana is just one symbol of it. When he was young, he told me once, he marched clear across the Suguta Desert, drinking nothing but the sweat he could scrape from his armpits and his crotch. Wearing nothing but his togalike shuka and that great, hairy blue perwig. Imagine it!" In those days they raided and stole cattle from the neighboring tribes, they killed their enemies. Now he's dying in filth behind a garbage dump."

Kirinyaga rises ahead of us like a broken fang, blue and white in the afternoon sun. Mount Kenya, the map makers call it, but to the people of this country it is Kirinyaga, the home of their god.

I had come to Kenya to assess the state of the game. Since the government announced a ban on sport hunting last May, ostensibly to preserve what was left of Kenya's once countless wildlife, animal lovers the world over had believed that finally something was being done to con-

continued

Bill Winter, a former professional hunter, just looks at game these days

branches, whose dead leaves flap in the acrid wind. Inside the hut, seated on cattle skulls, three men and a woman are drinking tea from chipped enamel mugs. A small fire sputters. Outside lies what looks like a bundle of sticks wrapped in a tattered, faded red blanket. But something stirs for a moment, black skin through the holes. It's not a bundle of sticks. It's old Nyngao the Hyena, the Eater of Meat, and he is dying.

"Na Kwasha," says Bill Winter. "He's finished. The poor old sod doesn't even



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPIDGE



As President Kenyatta's deadline on the sale of game trophies drew near, Nairobi curio shops slashed prices in order to unload stock.



Africa

continued

serve the great game herds of East Africa's loveliest country. Editorialists from Tokyo to New York praised President Jomo Kenyatta for a courageous decision that would spare the unique Pleistocene wildlife of Kenya for generations to come.

They cheered too soon.

Even as Kenya's 106 licensed professional hunters folded their safari tents, poachers went on a rampage. The nation's 250 curio shops quickly overflowed with the horns, hides, claws, fangs, tusks, feathers and eggs of virtually every species of animal and bird available. With the hunters and their clients no longer ranging the game lands—and in the process reporting poachers to Kenya's understaffed Game Department—the serious killing had just begun.

In Isolo, on the edge of the game-rich Northern Frontier District, two poachers were arrested last fall with 23,000 disk-disk horns packed in salad-oil tins. The diminutive antelope's three-inch horns make attractive pendants, when chased in silver or gold.

In the Kina area to the north, 40 poachers were caught with 20 rhinoceros horns, three elephant tusks and eight guns.

At Kitui, east of Nairobi near the coastal plateau, game scouts apprehended a man carrying 84 pieces of illegal ivory.

Ellis T. Monks, honorary secretary of the World Wildlife Fund in Kenya, discovered three caracal skins for sale in a curio shop on Kimathi Street, Nairobi's main venue for the sale of animal trophies. The caracal, or African lynx, is protected by law under the nation's Conservation and Management Act. When Monks reported the violation, his only reward was the summary withdrawal of his honorary game-warden's license—perhaps a subtle hint that someone in the government had more interest in curio-shop profits than in the salvation of endangered species.

In Amboseli National Park on the Tanzanian border, a census showed that just 1½ rhinos (a cow and a calf) remained in what was once Kenya's "rhino showplace." Since the census was taken, the rhino population has risen to about eight. The decimation was understandable, considering what rhino horn costs in Hong Kong—up to \$300 an ounce—where it is believed to have a wide range

continued

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Africa

continued

of medicinal properties. In 1968 a census showed there were 11,000 rhinos in Kenya. In 1972, the peak year for rhino-horn sales to Hong Kong, 34 hunters bought rhino licenses but killed only 19 of the animals. In the same year, Hong Kong druggists imported about 1,000 horns from Kenya and Indonesia. During the past 10 years, some 9,000 rhinos have been killed in Kenya—very few by legally licensed hunters.

Despite the ban on hunting and a subsequent law prohibiting the sale of wildlife products, supermarkets in Nairobi and other towns still offer specials on fresh impala chops. Because of a lack of

named Sakila, was shot more than six times. His 24-pound frontal horn would bring more than \$100,000 in Hong Kong.

Though the sale of "raw" elephant ivory has been banned since 1974, with only the government permitted to sell it abroad (the current price is more than \$45 a pound) some 680 tons have been exported—yet Kenya's official records can account for only 296 tons. An estimated 10,000 elephants are killed annually in Kenya, most of them illegally, according to Harry Tennison, a Texan well known in Kenya hunting circles. "At the very height of hunting in Kenya, no

Finally, last December, on the 14th anniversary of Kenya's independence, President Kenyatta announced a move that many observers felt should have been implemented at the same time as the sport-hunting ban. He banned the sale of trophies and game products by curio shops, giving the owners (mainly Indians) three months to liquidate their stocks. (By contrast, the professional hunters had been granted no time at all to finish out safaris already contracted or in progress; many were informed of the ban by government game scouts in the field.)

As the curio-shop deadline approached, prices dropped on everything from fully mounted lions to silver dinner gongs slung between elephant tusks. More than \$2 million in ivory gewgaws were sold, many ostensibly at half price or less. Zebra skins and buffalo-horn snuffboxes, bottle openers made from warthog incisors and wastepaper baskets fashioned from the feet of rhinos and elephants—all was up for grabs. On March 12, the final day of legal sales, long queues formed in front of the Kimathi Street dukas, while tourists and Kenyans alike paraded the streets laden with their "trophies." Simultaneously, the government was celebrating Kenya's first annual Wildlife Awareness Week—a sincere attempt to educate the country's 14 million citizens to the value of their unique heritage. After all, wildlife tourism—mainly minibus jaunts through the country's 32 game parks and reserves—have accounted for \$100 million a year. Kenya's gross national product is \$3 billion.

I had timed my visit to coincide with the dry season because at that time the game tends to congregate at water holes, while after the rains it disperses and is difficult to spot in the tall grass. Kenya's rainy season comes in two parts—the "short rains" of October and November and the "long rains" of April through mid-June. But when I arrived at Nairobi's Embakasi Airport on March 2, the rains were there ahead of me. In fact, the short rains of the previous fall had never really stopped and indeed were

continued



The bleached bones of game animals, many of them killed by poachers, were a familiar sight in Kenya's parks

zebra and wildebeest, the lions living in Nairobi's 44-square-mile game park have left for meatier pastures: they are preying on dogs and livestock in the suburbs of the nation's capital.

In Meru National Park last fall, five poachers killed three of Kenya's six white rhinos. This species, larger but less aggressive than the more common black variety, is not native to Kenya. The Meru rhinos had been imported from Natal, in South Africa, and were so tame that children could pat their horns and scratch their ears. The largest of them, a bull

more than 150 elephants were taken in one year on legal safaris by clients," says Tennison.

In the Galana region along the lower Tana River, a former professional hunter named Ken Clark spotted a wounded rhino on the ranch where he worked as game manager. Following it up, he jumped a band of poachers and killed one of them. A running gun battle followed, and Clark was killed by a bullet that ricocheted into his chest from his belt buckle as he stood in the roof hatch of his truck.

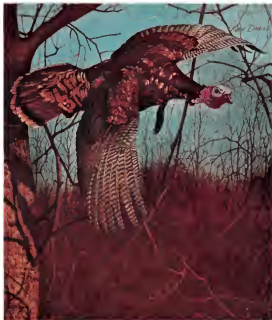
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promising to phase into the long rains.

As a result, Kenya was never more beautiful. Grass grew waist high even in the arid Northern Frontier district; the normally stunted, spavined cattle of the herding tribes looked fat and sleek; such plains game as impala, tops, hartebeest and Grant's and Thomson's gazelles were calving as if at the Creation. Cape buffalo covered the grasslands in greater abundance than I had ever seen in three earlier visits to Kenya. Yet in three weeks of travel over more than 1,500 miles of Kenya, from the Tanzanian border in the south to the Northern Frontier District above Kisumu, we spotted only two rhinoceroses and just one elephant with respectable tusks. Lions are abundant, and frequently we heard leopards hunting at night, but we saw not a single cheetah—perhaps on account of the tall grass. Burchell's zebra—the small, wide-striped variety most commonly seen in Western zoos and game parks—galloped the plains in greater numbers than I had ever seen. But the Grevy's zebra, longer-legged, pin-striped and mule-eared, proved to be in short supply. Perhaps there's been a shift in taste among fanciers of zebra-skin rugs.

From all the horror stories I had read about the end of the game, I had expected to find the country empty of animals. It was quite a joy to discover that, among certain species at least, the fecundity that follows plentiful rain was at work once again. "There's a resiliency to wildlife that always surprises you," said Bill Winter as we drove from Nairobi to his home near Nanyuki. "Given half a chance, either by the weather gods or by man, most species can rebound from disaster in very short order."

The same could be said of Winter himself. Three years ago, on a hunting safari in the Masai Mara region, he was shot in the right leg by a client while following up a wounded buffalo. The .375-caliber bullet shattered his leg a few inches above the ankle. After 21 operations and months of delirium in a Nairobi hospital, the foot was saved, but his right leg is now two inches shorter than the left and the foot itself is virtually boneless. "They filleted it for me in England last fall," he said. "Funny thing, when I flew back to Kenya from London last month after they took the bones out, I set off the airport security metal detector into a long loud howl. Bits of bullet still in there

But I can hop about all right, thanks to a good shoemaker."

In the 46 years since he was born in England's Lake District, William Henry Winter has "hopped about" in some very hot places. As a commando noncom in Korea, as a police officer in Malaya during the guerrilla warfare of the early 1950s, a police inspector in Kenya during the Mau Mau "emergency" and as a warden in the Kenya Game Department, he "saw the elephant" (as the 19th-century expression goes) in every possible guise, both figuratively and literally. Short and stocky, with a leonine mane of brown-streaked blond hair, he remains an incorrigible punster and maker of similes, a lover of words and wild country, of books and beasts and the beauty of stark places. To travel Africa with him is to have Linnaeus, Dickens, Darwin and Monty Python at your elbow. Not to mention Allan Quatermain. Although he is no longer permitted to earn a living as a white hunter, he remains active as a leader of photographic safaris.

Punga safari! Make ready for the journey. But remember that this is Africa we're about to see, and Africa is the land of impossibilities. Pity the Elder knew it, and the headlines of today confirm his warning. "Out of Africa, always something new," Swahili, the lingua franca of black Africa, is a language of fatalism, of the dying fall, of the story in which cruelty and beauty meld into a swift, soft sunset. Leopards cough at night on the kopje; the stars are like shattered sapphires; a baboon screams in death. Lions rip at a wildebeest's gut while zebras browse placidly nearby.

Our first stop was at Ol Pejeta, a 40,000-acre game and cattle ranch owned by the French industrialist Henry Roussek, a frequent client of Winter's before the hunting ban. A week earlier, Roussek's game scouts had found the carcass of a young rhino killed by a poacher. "It was an inside job," Winter said as we bumped through tall grass and thorn bush to the site of the killing. "The poacher turned out to be one of Henry's own cattle drovers. He plugged it with a home-made, hand-loaded slug from a single-shot Stevens shotgun. The government called in all firearms last September, but farmers and drovers were allowed to keep their guns for protection against maraud-

ing lions and stock theft by rustlers."

The kill lay at the foot of a kopje, a weathered knob of rock that rose from the bush just above a water hole like the knee of a sleeping stone giant. We smelled the dead rhino long before we saw it. A solitary baboon watched from a mimosa as we got out of the truck; kippies bounded away over the brow of the kopje. As we neared the skeleton, a family of hyraxes began barking their sharp alarms. By now the carcass of the rhino had been picked clean by scavengers. The head lay upside down, the spine curved around the trunk of a thorn tree. The stump of the sawed-off horn was the only straight line in the twisted array. Leg bones, ribs, well-gnawed feet and sections of thick, tattered hide lay strewn for 10 yards all around. Flies flushed from the eye sockets as Winter poked a stick at the skull to show us where the horn had been.

"It was a very young rhino," he said. "Couldn't have been much of a horn, not on a skull that size. But at the price Hong Kong is willing to pay..."

The rhino's bones gleamed white under the sun. Bleaching bones were to become a familiar sight throughout our safari; great middens of them lay heaped on the roadsides of the game parks, some of the animals the victims of predators, others of poachers.

We walked away, out of the scent of death. All around us the grass brimmed with life. Button quail flushed nearly underfoot, tiny birds half the size of North American bobwhites, buzzing off furiously like feathered darts. Beyond the water hole, where a raft of yellow-billed ducks paddled and preened, a dozen or more gazelles grazed on a sunlit ridge. The pug marks of a leopard led up from the mud near the water hole toward the kopje—recent tracks, clearly defined, probably made no longer ago than at dawn. Driving in we had seen zebras, eland, giraffe and big bands of impala glowing like russet jewels as they watched us pass. In the presence of such fertility, it was hard to believe that the death of a single young rhinoceros could matter very much; it was easy to imagine the temptation of the cattle drover as he squatted in the thorny cover beside the water hole as the rhino came close, all covered with dollar signs.

Winter, his head trucker Lambert, and I drove southwest out of Nanyuki toward the Masai Mara in Winter's green To-

yota safari wagon. Whydah birds flapped over the savannas, struggling to keep their long black tail feathers from causing a crash landing. We stopped to photograph jackals and vultures contesting a kill beside the road. What was left of the dead antelope—it was small and already so torn as to be unrecognizable—had become a battleground. One jackal leaped into the air, snapping at a tawny eagle as it flew in for a feed.

Plumes of blue smoke rose from the forests of the Aberdare Range. The locals were busy, as usual, making charcoal. Much of the deforestation of East Africa, which is rapidly turning once-fertile land into desert, is the result of this widespread practice. But again, it is too easy for an American or European visitor to condemn the charcoal makers: it is cold at night at these altitudes (Ol Donyo, the highest peak of the Aberdare, rises 13,104 feet above sea level) and the wind is as sharp as a spear, and after all, what happened to the woodlands of Ohio? Even here, where lions growl and giraffes give flat-topped haircuts to the acacia trees, the price of fuel oil is unconscionable. The world has not yet produced a political leader brave enough to demand that his people freeze in order to save the forests.

We descend into the Great Rift Valley, that huge gash in the earth's surface where the plates of Africa and Eurasia mesh. Stretching from Lake Baikal in Russia to the depths of South Africa, it is (according to the astronauts) one of the most visible features on the earth. For us, as we go down into its depths, it is only a source of sweat and carache. The cool of the Aberdare gives way to stifling heat, the game of the highlands surrenders to trucks and scruddy towns. The main road from Uganda runs through the Rift, and along it pound lorries laden with coffee, the newest source of wealth in the region—a windfall that has turned many East African entrepreneurs away from the trade in animal curios, ivory and rhino horn onto less destructive paths. The lorries chuff black diesel smoke into the air. Around and between them scoot the matatus, privately owned cabs and minibuses crammed with passengers and bearing names such as "The Professor," "Safari To Happiness," "Good Friday" and "Kill Me Quick." Naivasha, once a tranquil, pastel-painted town near the shores of a lake full of flamingos, has gone dirty gray with ex-

continued

haust fumes, paint peels from the stucco roadside shops and restaurants. The Bell Inn, where in colonial days travelers sipped tea on the airy, cool veranda, now smells like a cross between a latrine and a slaughterhouse. Even the flamingos have fled. Still, on the hillsides south of Naivasha, just before we turn west toward Nakuru, I see herds of feeding antelope and graffe, just as I did on my first visit 14 years ago.

The Suswa Plain unfolds ahead of us, undulating waves of grassy hills stretching north to the Mau Escarpment and thence to the Tanzanian border. Herds of game browse in clots on the slopes as far as the eye can see. And this is no national park, this is real country. "The green hills of Africa," says Bill Winter, "just as Hemingway saw them half a century ago. This is where I had my hunting concession when I got plugged, about 2,000 square miles of this country just stuff with game. It's Masai territory and since they're a cattle-herding people there's been very little agricultural development here thus far."

At the edge of a tree line to our far right stands a group of eland, registering at this distance as white daubs against the dark green foliage. Eland, which weigh up to a ton apiece, are choice eating and much sought by the type of poacher who is merely trying to feed his family. The sight of this group of more than half a dozen is heartening. Yet the saliva begins to flow: this is the first safari I've been on where fresh meat was not out for the shooting. I begin to understand why the Kiswahili word *nyama* means both "meat" and "game."

Nakuru is the end of the pavement. An oldtimer named Ole Puvoy used to have a bar, restaurant and small hotel here, but now it is closed, and we have to drink warm beer from the lunch box in the truck. The dukas are shabby and fly-ridden. The last outpost of civilization, Masai in red shukas, wearing sandals made from the tread of truck tires (a la Viet Cong), stare at us from the shade of their roadside stands. Their spears glint in the fierce light. Rain threatens from the north, where the sky has gone ominous, gunmetal black.

Winding westward through red rock hills thick with candlebush trees, we come to a vast plain. One stretch is plowed clear across the horizon. Winter says it is a government wheat project under the management of Americans. "All of this

country from here on down into the Serengeti Plain of Tanzania is ideal grain land," he says. "Look at the thickness of the grass where the plows haven't ripped it off. It's like the American Great Plains a century ago. But you people shot off your buffalo herds and turned it into farmland. Believe me, the temptation to the Kenya government is just as great in this era of paucity. It's a credit to Kenyatta and his people that they haven't acceded to the demands of the developers—yet. But if Western critics keep nagging at the government, they may just throw up their hands and turn it all over to cattle and wheat. That'll be the end of the game, you can bet."

Toward evening, we spotted a dark mass crossing the gravel road—a herd of Cape Buffalo. Winter stopped the truck and we watched. They were moving from south to north, hundreds of them, their horns glinting in the dying light, their hooves stirring dust into a dim red cloud. Herd bulls pulled out to challenge us, their nostrils flaring as they stood four-square in our path, heads up, tiny black eyes fixed on the strange shape of the Toyota. The light caught the ridges of their coruscated bosses. "There must be at least a thousand of them," Winter whispered. "Look at the lovely socks move! Like a bloody black river in spate. Don't you love it, Bwana? It was one of that ilk that did my leg, but I love them dearly. I do. Crikey, just look at that!"

Then the light failed and the rain hit, sheeting down out of the north with the force of a million fire hoses. The road turned to grease under our wheels, and the Toyota began a dance, a kind of motorized disco twitch that soon became the theme song of the Mara visit: "Slip-slidin' away, slip-slidin' away. . . The nearer we get to Mara, the more we're slip-slidin' away."

The Masai Mara Game Reserve on the edge of which we camped, is the nearest a visitor can come to the Garden of Eden in all of Kenya. A northern extension of the great Serengeti Plain, it is a mix of country combining rivers and mountainous ridges, swamps and rolling grasslands, all interspersed with sudden outcrops of rock on which dwell the greatest concentration of spotted cats (leopard and cheetah) left in the country. They look down on

hundreds of square miles of wildebeest, hartebeest, impala, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, zebra, graffe, warthog, buffalo, dik-dik, duiker, bushbuck, reedbuck, waterbuck and topi. All of these are preyed upon by a hardy stock of lions, whose roars can keep a tented camp tossing all night. Elephants knock down trees outside of camp, the sound of rending roots shattering the midday silence. Baboons troop from kopie to creek bed in truculent alert. Along the tangled stream beds, vervet monkeys scramble in the lianas while a Tiffany's treasure of brightly feathered birds—sunbirds and starlings, hoopoes and drongos, rollers and bee-eaters—flicks through the leaves.

The rain had ended by dawn. Under the clouds of the eastern sky a streak of light transmutated a herd of grazing buffalo into splotches of rust against chartreuse hills. The tent smelled of mildew. The boy who brought me tea with my wake-up call had uttered a cheerful, "Jambo, Bwana," but the tea was full of soggy bits of fluff and wangs—moths that must have flown into the cook tent during the rain of the night before. The green light of morning was weak; I still felt limp from the sight of the moving buffalo the previous day.

We were ensconced at Fig Tree Camp, a permanent tented bivouac recently opened by a hunter named Miles Burton. Bill Winter's own camp, in the meanwhile, was being pitched far to the north; we would go there in a couple of days. After breakfast we headed into the reserve passing large bands of impala en route. Impala are polygamous, with a dominant ram gathering as many females into his harem as possible. Smaller groups of bachelor rams hang around the outskirts of the harems, hoping that the master will let his guard down for a minute or two. We stopped to watch the shenanigans. It was the mating season, all right.

While Winter signed us in at the main gate and paid the entry fees (\$10 a head—it's costly to watch wildlife in the raw) Lambert took a look inside the game ranger's house. Lambert is a lean, lanky Wandorobo, 28 years old, one of the best trackers and game beaters in the business. When Winter was wounded, Lambert was the only tracker who stayed, prepared to shoot if necessary, as the buffalo charged. (Later, in the hospital, Lambert brought Bill a little gift: a chunk of his shin bone blown off by the bullet.) Now Lambert sauntered back to the truck and report-

ed that he had found a freshly killed impala under the game ranger's bed. "Do you see what I mean?" Winter asked. "Even to the game scouts, it's just *nyama-meat*."

We angled off the main gravel road onto one of the side trails that thread through the park. On a ridge to our left, a large herd of buffalo was silhouetted against the red morning sky. When we stopped near them and shut off the engine, we heard a sound that might have been that of a strong man slugging a tree stump with a heavy wooden sledge. Then the herd parted, and we saw them: two bulls fighting at the edge of a thorn thicket. "Oh, sugar! That's a rare sight indeed," Winter exulted. "Look at those sods hammer each other! Let's get closer—but I'll have to keep the motor running for a quick getaway, or they'll be hammering us."

Snorting and grunting, their huge neck and shoulder muscles abridge in the red light, the bulls strained at one another with a combined two tons of fury. The younger of the two had broken the tip of his right horn, and a jet of blood squirted straight up with the beating of his heart. Blood from a gaping wound on the older bull's neck washed down and into the slippery grass. In that strange light the scene was primordial, elemental, a frame from the dawn of time: it would not have come as a great shock to see, on the next ridge, a band of shaggy, slop-browed protohumans loping past on the hunt.

The bulls batted for a full 20 minutes. Now and then an anxious cow tried to separate them, but whenever the older bull tried to retreat, the young one hooked him from behind, and the combat resumed. The rest of the herd began to move off and, finally exhausted, the huge bovine wrestlers had had enough. They turned their backs to each other and began grazing. "Show's over," Winter said. "Let's move ourselves along and see if we can find a few *simbas*."

We found them in the early afternoon, lying up in a dense patch of brush as they slept off the torpor of the night's kill, two lionesses and a big red-maned *ndume* (in Kiswahili, a male of any species is called a "bull," but only a strong, vigorous man deserves the appellation). One of the lionesses was sprawled comically on her back, her big yellow eyes studying us upside down from 10 yards away with a bored, world-weary gaze.

continued



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Thickets of flies covered her muzzle, feeding on the blood of last night's meal; her left ear was badly tattered. "They've been maiming," Bill explained. "If you think alley cats go at it savagely, you ought to see these tabbies." When the male rolled over and stood, he moved with a distinct limp.

"*Iko mgoniwa*," said Lambat. "He is sick."

"Poor old sod," Bill commented. "Probably got clouted by a buffalo a while back. He's a real mzee—an old man. Maybe finished. Bloody nice mane, though. If we were hunting, we'd be doing him a favor to take him. Put him out of his misery and let the younger studs move into the gene pool."

The rest of the day produced much game but nothing as dramatic as the battle of the bulls at dawn. A vast armada of white storks darkened the sky; bands of plains game—impala, gazelles, topi, wildebeest—fed and bred; crook-necked, irregularly marked "Masai" giraffes, smaller than their reticulated, northern brothers, browsed the tops of riverine *thorn trees*; a spotted hyena trotted sniffling through the tall grass, a rare sighting during full daylight. Toward evening, with the sky darkening again to rain clouds, we spotted a lone female rhino in a valley outside the park. She carried a long, thin frontal horn and was moving fast.

"With a pembe like that she won't last long outside the park," said Bill, putting down his binoculars. "Do you realize that's the first live rhino we've seen on this safari? In the old days, 10 or 15 years ago, they would have been charging out from behind every bush. It's a bloody shame. A Kenya without *kifaru* will be like meat without pepper."

A lone bull elephant stood at the forest edge as we returned to camp. The tusks were small—35 pounds at most, Winter estimated—and he flapped his ears wide at our approach, a warning to keep clear. "He's feisty," said Winter. "If we'd been walking back into camp, it might have turned into a fast gallop." The comment triggered a story from Lambat.

"When I was young," he said from his 28 years of old age, "a friend of mine met just such an elephant. He had decided to go to a nearby village to get some beads for his girl friend. As a *morani* (a young warrior), you are not permitted to travel alone overnight, since you might be killed and the tribe thus

weakened. Some of us went with him. When we were coming back with the beads, it got dark. We chose to spend the night on the trail, but he went on against our warnings. On the trail he came upon the elephant. It tossed him and knelt on him and broke his ribs and his legs. Then it went away. In the morning we found him, still alive. He asked us to look for the beads, but we couldn't find them. Just before he died, he told us to go to his girl friend and see if the elephant had brought the beads to her. But the elephant hadn't. We never found the beads."

All of this was said in a matter-of-fact voice, the story trailing off into a yawn: *fall Africa*.

The next day we would see much more of the Mara—great sweeping herds of buffalo calving and mating and feeding on the rocky ridges; seas of tall grass spiked by the horns of thousands of antelope; young lions stalking a solitary topi, crawling belly-down through the grass with eyes fixed, intent on the kill; two splendid *simbas* mating beside the road, the male with a lush dark mane, his muscles in relief in a fearless, rain-cleansed hide as he crouched in rage, watching us, ready to spring into the open roof hatch of the Toyota; numberless birds—guinea fowl and yellow-necked spurfowl, tall Kori bustards, francolin and quail, honey guides and fiscal shrikes and marabouts and eagles. As Winter had promised, the Mara was "stiff with game." But that was to be expected. As the showplace of Kenyan game reserves, it would certainly be the most carefully protected park in the country (despite the impala under the ranger's bed).

Our next stop, though, would give us a more accurate picture of the game: a reach of country to the north, where Winter and I had hunted four years earlier. If the game was still strong at Naibor Keju, where we would join up with Winter's camp crew and his big lorry, then we could begin to breathe more easily about the future of wildlife in Kenya. What we had seen thus far was certainly encouraging—except for the paucity of rhino and the lack of big ivory on the elephants. Even with the heavy poaching of the past nine months, buffalo, lion and plains game of all kinds seemed to be plentiful.

Lying in my bunk that night, with the rain thrumming on the canvas and the Coleman lantern hissing beside me, I thought back to my hunt at Naibor Keju. It would be good to see the old safari gang again—Joseph and Wamaitu serving elegant meals in the mess tent, while outside the jackals barked; old Wachira, the sprightly 70-year-old "apprentice fireman" setting the night ablaze with whole, dry thorn trees as we sipped cocktails; N'deritu, the steady, shy Kikuyu driver and mechanic; and most of all old Isaac, the jolly Teriki with the cropped gray hair, who brought my tea in the morning and took away my shoes for a quick touch-up before breakfast. "*Harabari yako, Bwana?*" Very good indeed, old friend.

I wouldn't miss the killing, now that the hunting was finished. That is something you do for meat, or when you are young and want to confront danger for its own sake. I'd killed my nightmare buffalo years ago. Oh, I'd miss the bird shooting sure enough—the sandgrouse pouring in over the hot springs, folding to the clap of the 12-gauge Browning over-and-under; the button quail whizzing out from the tall grass, quick above the shotgun's ventilated ribs; the ungainly gamefowl moving overhead with deceptive speed, clacking with the metallic squawk so reminiscent of driven pheasant. In a way, bird shooting is an anti-art: the shotgun a negative paintbrush that strokes the bird from the sky. The corner of my mind, of my experience, that can appreciate such a bird shooting view could accept the end of it. Still, they taste so damned good. . . .

Across the river near our camp a lion roared, that long, rising, hollow thunder that sets the scalp a-tingle. Another lion answered out on the plain. I picked up a book that Winter had loaned me: *The Recollections of William Finlay, Elephant Hunter—1864-1875*. The opening sentence was priceless. "Being a *harum-scarum* from youth, a good horseman, and a very fair shot, I determined to get into the interior of Africa for the purpose, mostly, of shooting big game."

Yes, it would be good to get back to Naibor Keju.

END

NEXT WEEK

The author and Winter go north to check the quantity—and quality—of game in country they had previously hunted

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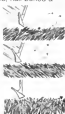


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As I Saw It

by WILLIE PASTRANO

BY ORDAINING A DYING YOUTH HIS NO. 1 ETERNAL FAN, ALI WAS THE GREATEST

I had no intention of going to the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach that afternoon in 1966. My fighting days were over, my light heavyweight championship lost. Even the pleasure of seeing my old friend Muhammad Ali, who was training for a fight, wasn't a strong enough lure to bring me back to the boxing loft where I had spent too many years—usually at Ali's side—trying to hone a body that tended more to fat than to muscle. Instead, heavy and happy, I went to visit another old friend, a Miami Beach cop named Steve Mills, who was in Mount Sinai with a minor blood disorder. Little did I know then that within a few hours Ali and a kid I had never met would teach me the meaning of the word champion.

After a few moments of small talk, Mills asked me how my new job was going. I was a representative of the South Florida Dairy Institute, sort of a goodwill ambassador. I said the job was easier than fighting. Mills then asked me if I would do him a favor. Just a few rooms down the hall, he told me, was Kenny Feldman, a friend. He was 21, a fight fan, and dying from leukemia. Mills asked me if I would stop by and say hello.

They told me later that young Feldman had lost 40 pounds in a month. As I entered the room, he smiled and said, "Hi. Hey, I know you. You're Willie Pastrano. You're the champion."

I nodded. I was almost afraid to speak. "You got me, man," I said. "But I think you're the real champion."

Feldman smiled again. He pointed toward a table near his bed. On the table was an 8 x 10 photo of Muhammad Ali, and on each side of the picture were bouquets of flowers. "There's the champion; my champion," Feldman said. "He's the greatest."

When I left the hospital I drove to the gym on Fifth Street. On the way out a

doctor had told me that Feldman had at the most 10 days to live. I decided I would ask Ali to autograph a picture for him. Upstairs in the gym, I told Ali about the dying youngster. He listened attentively as I described the table with his picture and the flowers.

Ali Ali said was "Sure." He asked me to wait while he finished training. After he had dressed, he turned to his brother Rahman and said, "I'm going to the hospital with Sweet Pea. You all take the other cars and follow us." Ali called me Sweet Pea, which was just a play on words to go with the "P" for Pastrano.

Off we went. Ali and me in my car, Rahman and some of Ali's party in a red El Dorado and the rest of the group in a chauffeur-driven Fleetwood limousine. When we entered the hospital lobby, the place almost came apart. In less than a minute the lobby was jammed with doctors and nurses and patients.

As we approached the elevator, Ali placed a hand on my shoulder. "Say, Sweet Pea, is this a black boy or a white boy?"

"He's white and he's Jewish," Ali shook his head. "Ain't that something?"

It took two packed elevators to get all of us up to Kenny's floor. There was such a mob there I thought we'd never make it to the room. But Ali's voice boomed with authority: "You all move over. I'll be back after I see a sick friend of mine. Come on, Sweet Pea, let's get truckin'."

I was the first to enter Kenny's room. He was asleep. I turned and placed a finger to my lips. Quietly, Ali followed me into the room. The rest of his group came in after us. Slowly, I went to the right side of Kenny's bed, Ali to the left.

There was a chair on Ali's side of the bed, and I thought he would sit down, but he didn't. Instead he leaned over the pale young man, as though he were going to caress him. From the other side, I leaned over. We stood there, head to head, about a foot from Kenny's face. Behind us I could hear feet shuffling, the mumbling of voices, and from the hall the loud conversation of doctors and nurses.

The noise must have awakened Kenny. His eyes fluttered, opened. Then they opened wider, in disbelief. He tried to

talk, but no words came out. His eyes watered and a tear slid down his left cheek.

Ali forced a smile and said, "What we got here? One of our fans? Come on, man, sit up on your pillow. You ain't sick, you're just showing off."

With that, Kenny laughed, and he even managed to sit up a little. Ali picked up a Ring magazine from the bedside table and autographed it.

"Here," Ali said, handing the magazine to Kenny. "I hereby ordain you my No. 1 eternal fan."

By now Kenny had control of his emotions. His speech was shaky at first, but he managed to say, "There's so much I'd like to ask you, but I just can't remember any of it now."

Ali's voice was gentle. "That's all right, my man. I feel the same way myself most of the time."

Reaching up, Kenny put his right hand on the back of my neck, his left on Ali's neck. He studied our faces. Then he said, "You both look so much older."

Everyone in the room laughed. Blushing, Kenny tried to apologize. "I didn't mean it that way. I know you're young but—I can't explain it—you look older than you're supposed to be."

Ali made a face at him. "Old? Ain't I pretty? Why, Sweet Pea here is the onliest man pretty as me that ever stepped into a ring. And here you say old?"

"He just means me, Ali," I said. "I'm 30 and I feel 50."

Kenny smiled and said, "I mean a different kind of old."

Then the door to the room flew open, and doctors and nurses poured in. For a split second, Ali's face had a strange, compassionate look of helplessness. But it vanished as quickly as it had come. He shook hands with Kenny and stood up. For a moment he studied Kenny's face, then he said, "Good luck," and left.

As Ali went out, Kenny reached up and hugged me. "Thank you, Willie."

I couldn't say anything. I squeezed one of his hands and left the room. Ali was just getting on the elevator. The car was packed, but Ali's handsome face stood out above them all. As the doors glided to a close, I blew him a kiss with my right hand. He nodded. Then he was gone. Nine days later Kenny Feldman, the eternal fan, died.

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BIG E AND STRANGE COMPANY
Sir,

Many thanks to Manny Milian for his amazing basketball photography this season. First it was his Feb. 13 cover picture of Sidney Moncrief, then it was Gene Banks on your March 13 cover, and now it is Elvin Hayes (May 8).

JIM RANSLEY
Watertown, Conn.

Take a look at this week's cover for still another Milian photograph.—ED

Sir
EEEEarly the best cover shot of the year!
RALPH STINES
Falls Church, Va.

Sir
Before I read in your article (*The Buffers Are Flying*, May 8) that Spurs Guard Mike Gale had to borrow a Washington road uniform and wear it inside out because his San Antonio uniform had been lost in an airline baggage mishap, three possible explanations for his strange appearance on your cover came to mind: 1) there was a third team on the court, 2) the Bulls had rehired Dancing Harry, with a suitably far-out uniform included, 3) the player in the peculiar-looking uniform was a Spur trying to avoid the dreaded SI cover jinx.

ERIC MILLER
Woodside, N.Y.

LAIRD'S LIFE
Sir,

Please let me know Ron Laird's most recent address (*Going Through Life as a Walk*, May 8). Because he equates money with trash, and I'm short of money, I want to mail him a 10-pound bag of trash.

I find loopholes in Laird's personal manifesto. If he is not in serious training for a year, why not take a job? He could certainly find something as "boring" as race walking.

Every American amateur athlete deserves sympathy, but Laird's attitude is self-pitying, and now he has joined those food-stamp users who can work but refuse to because it doesn't suit them.

RAY AND MARGARET CHILDT
Columbia, S.C.

Sir,
Your article on Ron Laird says it all. His relentless dedication to race walking has caused the sport to grow throughout the nation. New York State is a prime example. The state now boasts walking events in both indoor and outdoor high school track and field championships (boys' and girls'). Laird has held numerous clinics all over New York as well as

in the other states in which he has traveled. I, for one, applaud Laird's efforts to qualify for a fifth Olympics. I also wish to congratulate Barry McDermott for this honest look at Laird. I hope I never hear the phrase, "Ron Laird, former race walker."

PETER GRANICK
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Sir
In an era when sports franchises move around with the frequency of corporate executives, when athletes negotiate incentive contracts for routine performances, when transportation is the ultimate vulgarism, Ron Laird emerges as an exceptional individual. Let's run to help Ron walk in Moscow. I'd like to send him a contribution.

PAUL C. O'SHEA
Summit, N.J.

LUMBERMEN
Sir,

There are three major reasons why the New York Islanders lost to the Toronto Maple Leafs in the NHL playoffs (*Bartered Into Submission*, May 8). The first, of course, was Larry McDonald's overtime goal in Game 7. The second, as Mark Mulvey emphasized, was the Islanders' lack of aggressiveness compared with Toronto's. And the third, which Mulvey failed to play up enough, was Goal-tender Mike Palmateer. He was brilliant, making spectacular clutch saves for the Leafs. Unfortunately for Toronto, the Leafs could have Montreal's Ken Dryden in goal and still not beat the Canadians.

BRIAN HESMAN
Owning, N.Y.

Sir
Without a police record? The Toronto Maple Leafs? Maybe. But Mark Mulvey ought to have consulted the records of the Flyers-Leaf playoff series of '76. It takes two to tangle. Canada's lumbermen are not in the woods, but on the ice in Maple Leaf uniforms.

ROBERT DILLON
Westfield, N.J.

Sir
In the '76 and '77 quarterfinals against Buffalo, the Islanders knew that their chances of winning would be greatly enhanced if they intimidated the Sabres. They proceeded to do so very effectively. Now they in turn are intimidated by Toronto, and they and Mark Mulvey cry "Foul!" For shame!

STEPHEN KARNATH
Buffalo

Sir
It was confining to read your accurate account of the Klander-Maple Leaf confrontation. It was disquieting, though, to read about

"one general manager's" eye-for-an-eye approach to playing. What he was admitting is that his team has no room for a high-caliber professional hockey player unless that player is willing and able to retaliate on the ice. With these misdirected values, we can look forward to seeing more players like Mike Bossy needlessly hurt, when what the sport really needs is more players like Denis Potvin who turn and skate away.

ARTIE NEGRIN
College Park, Md.

Sir
One night in Chicago eight years ago, I saw Bobby Hull get crushed into the boards and then turn away from a senseless fight. He spent the rest of the night giving hockey lessons to fans and players alike. Now that was intimidation! It was a lesson in hockey and in life I never forgot. Why didn't the NHL and WHA enforce the rules of hockey and let our youngsters learn the law of the jungle by watching old Tarzan movies?

DEAN C. RALSTON, D.D.S.
West Bend, Wis.

THE MASTERS AND THE PRESS
Sir,

I would like to set the record straight about the SCORECARD item (April 17) concerning the Masters and the barring of the press from the locker room each day until the last par had teed off.

This was not a decision made by me and Will Grimsley of the Associated Press the week of the Masters, but one that had been carefully studied for some years. In recent years the locker room and the adjacent grillroom have been vastly enlarged to accommodate both the players and the press. In fact, the grillroom was open to the press before tee-off, and the players had to walk through it to reach the locker room. The press could also request players to come into the grillroom for interviews. Further, the matter was submitted to the Golf Writers Association by Grimsley at its meeting last summer, and the writers voiced no strong objection to it on a trial basis.

The Masters recognizes—and always will recognize—that it was the news media that built this tournament, but it also feels that it can adequately accommodate both players and the news prior to tee-off.

Let me emphasize that there was no collusion between Will Grimsley and me in this matter.

WILLIAM H. LANE
Chairman
Masters Tournament
Augusta

continued

© VANCE IMPORTS IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY JOHN WALKER IMPORTERS INC.,
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Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.

Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Start at "the end of the trail."

To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law - and head in the opposite direction, all the way to



the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.

Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."



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19TH HOLE *continued*

SKATEBOARDERS

See

In reply to a SCORECARD item in your April 24 issue, the "first" intercollegiate skateboard championships that I am aware of were held at Trinity College in Hartford, Conn. on a glorious Saturday afternoon in May 1967. These included downhill, slalom, giant slalom and freestyle competitions.

The championships were a full decade ahead of their time and they also were coed, with representatives of such women's colleges and junior colleges as Endicott, Bennett, Betchiff and Connecticut College competing against men's teams from Trinity, Harvard, Yale, Penn and others.

The team trophy was won by Trinity, whose squad was captained by Ali-Amencia Peter (Strokel Strohmeyer) and included Tony (Crash) Bryant, Jeff Tilden and Steve Gings.

Probably the most interesting event of the tournament was the beer-can slalom, in which each contestant had to pick up the first and last "pylons" and drain their contents while negotiating the course. Although several competitors had perfect runs the first time down the course, a winner was never determined because no one was able to complete the second and tie-breaking run.

So, as you can see, when the skateboard craze first reached the East Coast in the '60s, there were some hardy collegiate souls who risked life and limb competing on the "old" aluminum boards with fired-clay wheels. I should know. I was the sole member of the Harvard team that fair weekend.

WARREN W. BOWLES
Harvard '67
Chesapeake, Va.

See

I enjoyed William Zinsser's article on skateboarding (*Saper Rad Means O.K.*, *Doc*, April 24). However, I disagree with the advice given in his last sentence. When your son says, as mine did, "Come on, Mom, go for it!"—don't.

Completely forgetting that I am in my 40s and the mother of five, I jumped aboard. Three seconds and three feet later our skateboard investment had escalated to \$5,024—\$24 for the skateboard and \$5,000 to repair my broken hip.

I recommend skateboarding for housewives who hate housework. There is almost no way one can push a vacuum or a shopping cart while using a walker. Still, as I watch my sons skating down our driveway, I have to suppress a strong urge to "go for it" once again.

ANNE MARIE FREDRICKSON
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